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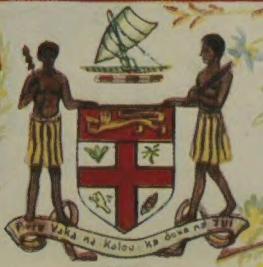
UGANDA



BERMUDA



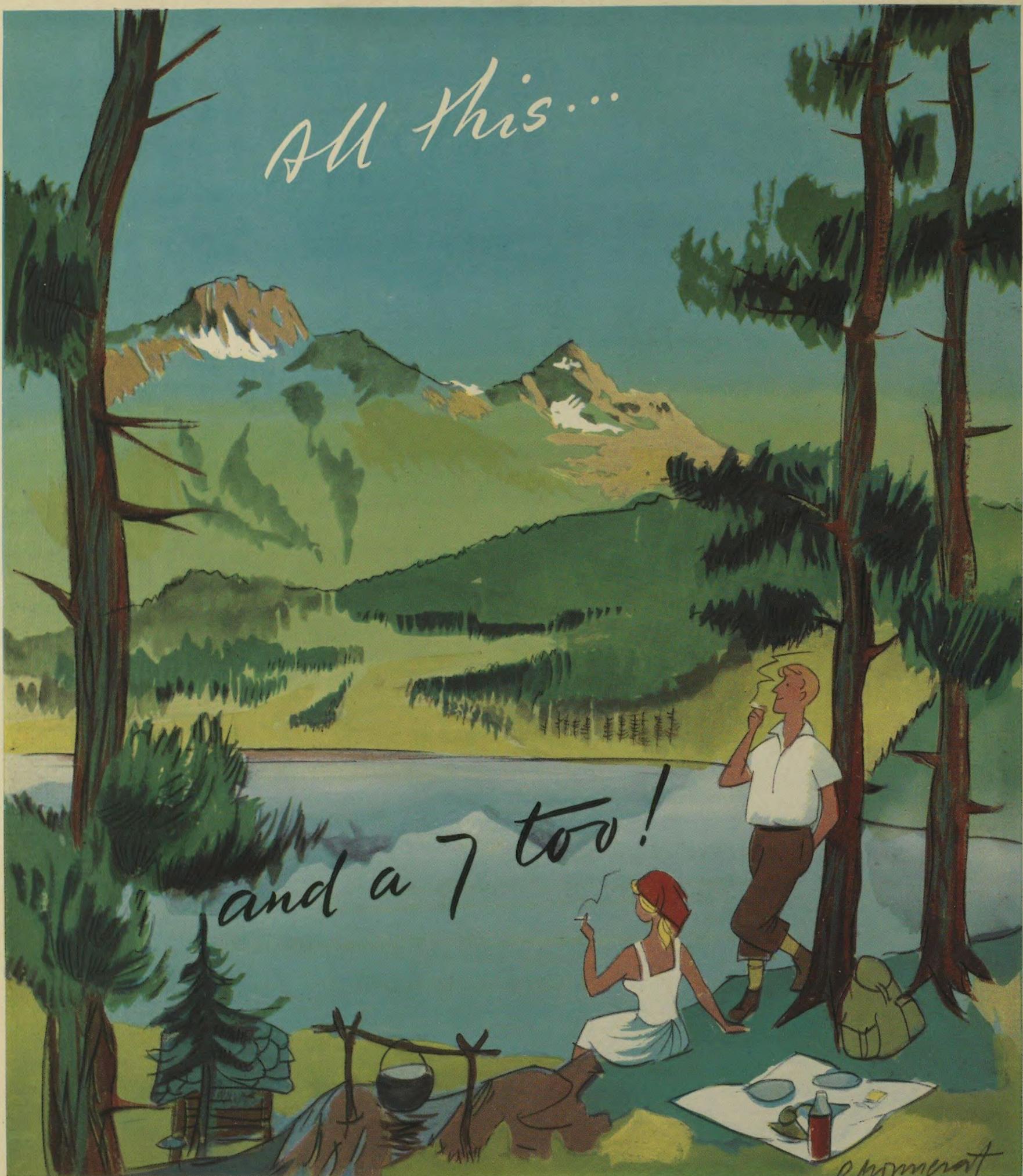
JAMAICA



FIJI

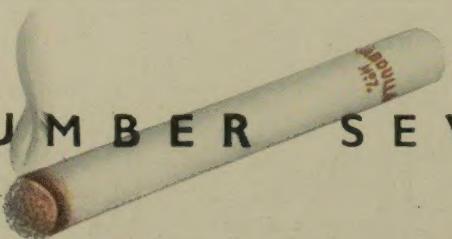


NEW ZEALAND



Under a sky whose colour is a silvery variation on a theme of blue... High above the comfortable valley, but still as far as ever from the ancient, lonely peaks.... Content for a moment with oneself, with one another and even with all the world.... And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN



Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11

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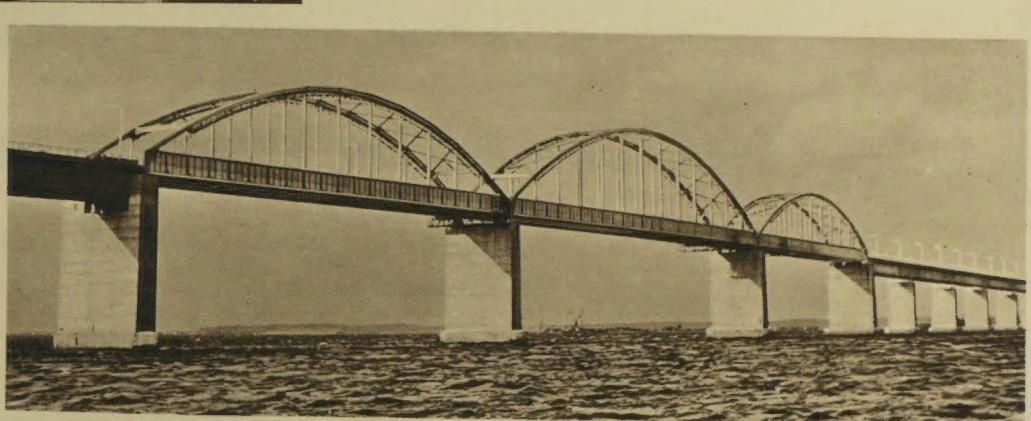
Above: The Vila Franca bridge, Portugal, completed December 1951; the service span used as a temporary support, when erecting the permanent steelwork, appears in the background.

On the right: The photograph shows the Storstrom bridge, Denmark. 10,000 feet long, plus approaches having spans 175-204 feet long; these were erected, each in one piece, by a 500-ton floating crane.

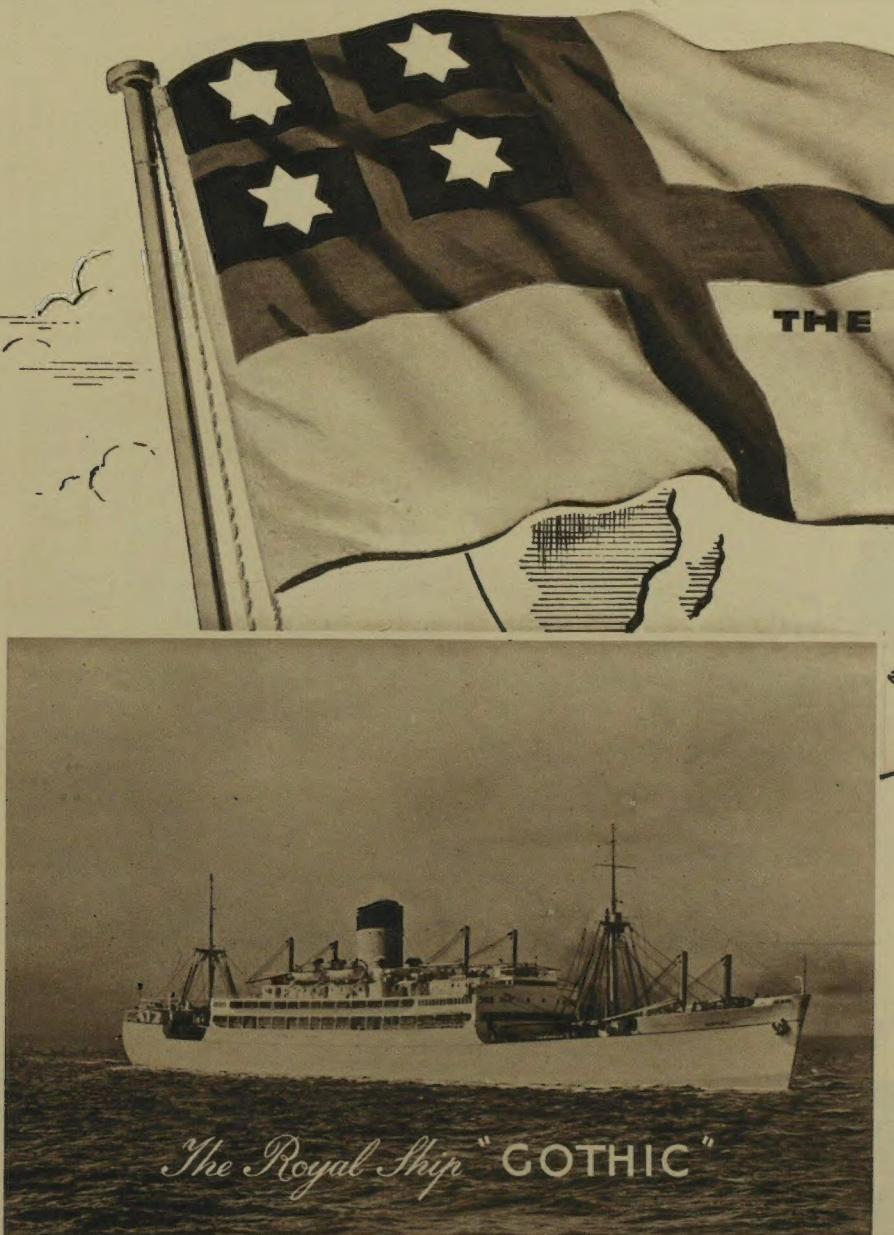
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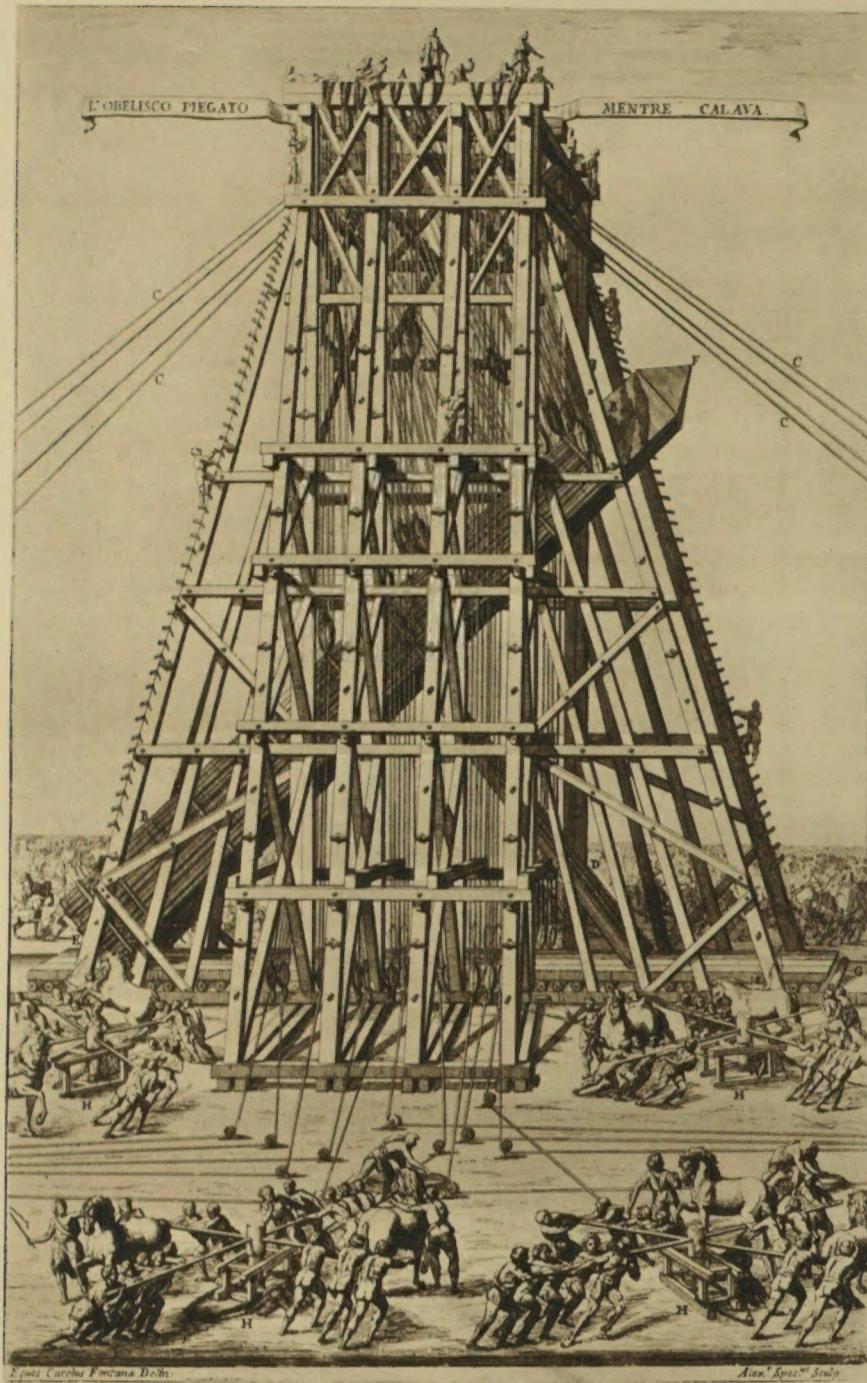
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"Acqua alle corde!"

THE Obelisk in the Piazza di San Pietro in Rome was erected in 1586 with the help of 800 workmen and 140 horses. This detail from Carlo Fontana's engraving gives some idea of the splendid grandeur of the operation.

It was a close thing, so the story goes. The architect had not allowed for the enormous strain on the ropes and their consequent stretching. But, though silence was imposed under pain of death, one of the workmen—a sailor from San Remo—shouted at the critical moment: "Acqua alle corde!" And the water on the ropes, tautening them, saved the day. These days the builder works with far more manageable materials. Some of the most versatile are made by the Building Boards Division of the Bowater Organisation. Made from compressed wood fibre, these boards are used, among a thousand other uses, as insulating materials in ceilings, as partitions in houses, as panelling in railway coaches or in ships... all over the world they are essential to the architect and builder of today.

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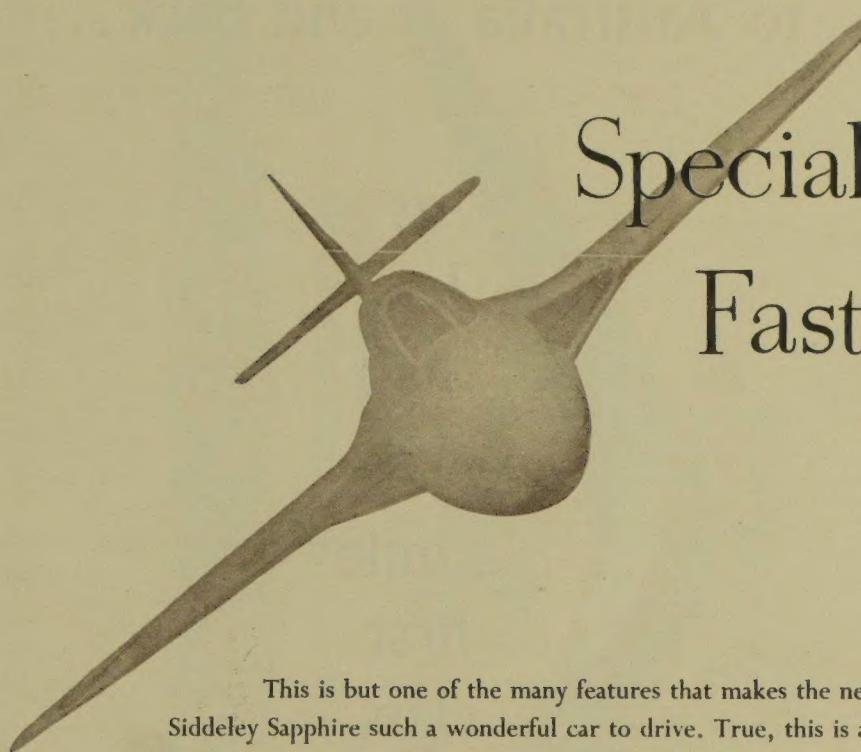
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This is but one of the many features that makes the new Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire such a wonderful car to drive. True, this is a very fast car. Yet it is more than that. For the Sapphire has an elegance which is rarely associated with speed.

The new 125 B.H.P. 'square-type' engine is built on the same production lines as the Sapphire jet that powers the world's fastest aeroplanes. Despite a top speed of 95 m.p.h. the Sapphire has *amazing fuel economy—over 20 m.p.g.!*

Gears—either synchromesh or new "Selectric"—complement this, with a smooth change that is remarkably quick to operate. The Sapphire gives you all the performance and the comfort you could possibly want. The interior appointments are exceptional . . . deep-piled carpets, finely grained leather upholstery, polished walnut panelling. The Sapphire has a quiet luxury that reassures you that

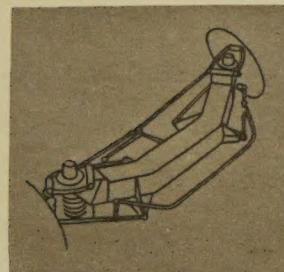
English craftsmanship is still alive and flourishing.

The price is £1,215 plus £507 P.T., total £1,722. "Selectric" gearbox £43 extra.

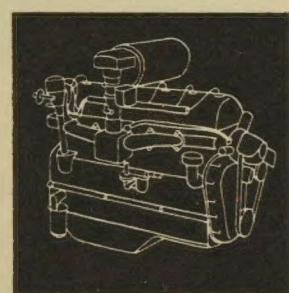
At this price the Sapphire offers you greater value than any other car in its class.

You will find it at your local showroom, ready for your inspection and demonstration drive. After you have driven it, you too will agree

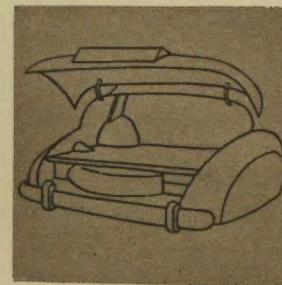
"There is no finer car on the road today than the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire".



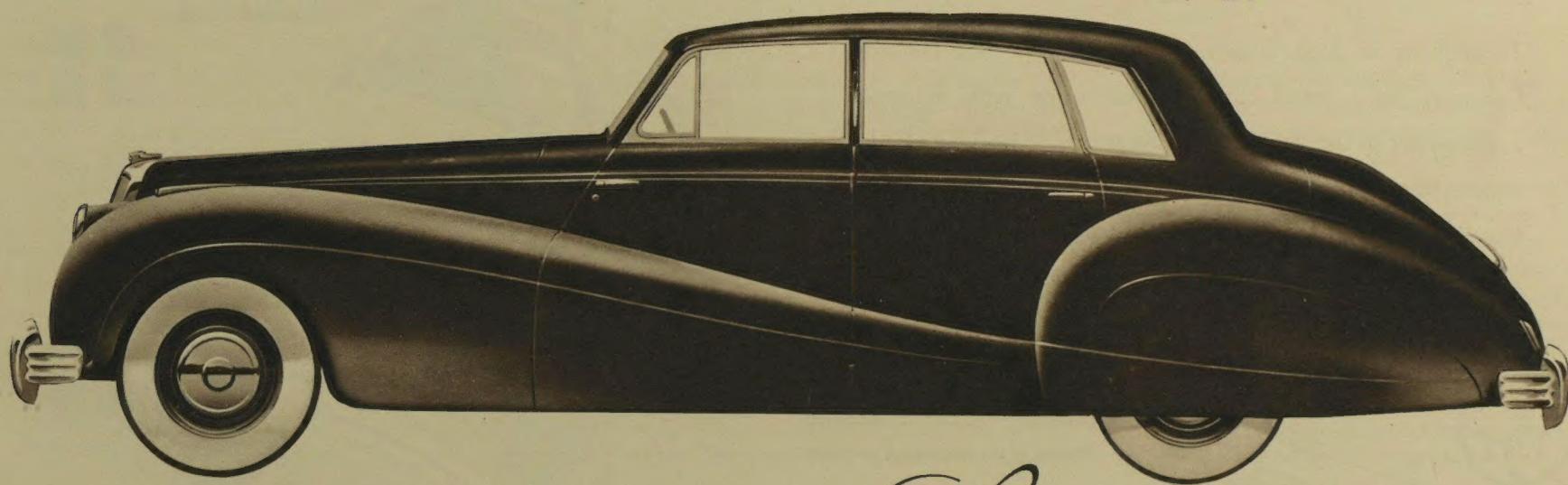
Anti-roll bars . . . for smooth cornering.



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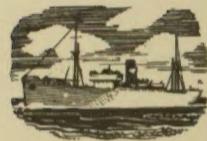
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

Sapphire

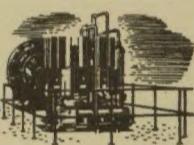
Under two Queens

WHEN the name British Thomson-Houston was first heard, in 1894, the main developments in electricity still lay ahead. But progress was rapid. As the Boer War ended, BTH was electrifying the Central London tube railway.

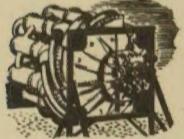
Bleriot crossed the channel in his rudimentary air-plane—and manufacture of Mazda tungsten-filament lamps began.



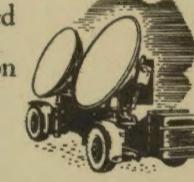
The first World War brought a halt to most non-armament development work, but by 1921 the first vessel fitted with BTH turbo-electric propulsion machinery was putting to sea. The 'flapper' fashions came and went, and in 1930 the first steel-tank rectifier in Britain was installed at Hendon by BTH.



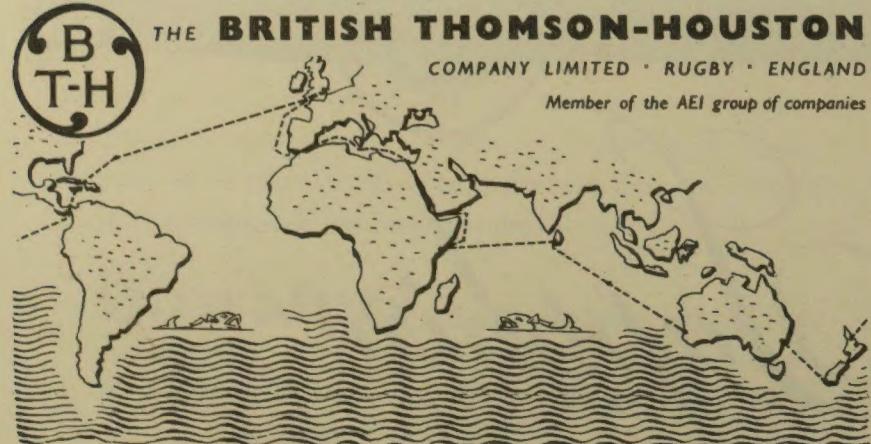
In the second World War BTH research in the new science of electronics, begun many years earlier, gave vital assistance in devising radar warning devices, just as the jet engine—developed



at the Rugby Works—altered the course of design in aviation as peace approached.



Throughout its long history, the British Thomson-Houston Company has a proud record of association with industrial development in the British Commonwealth of Nations. In the regions Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II is visiting during the Royal Tour, BTH electrical equipment—on land, sea and air—is contributing its share to national prosperity.



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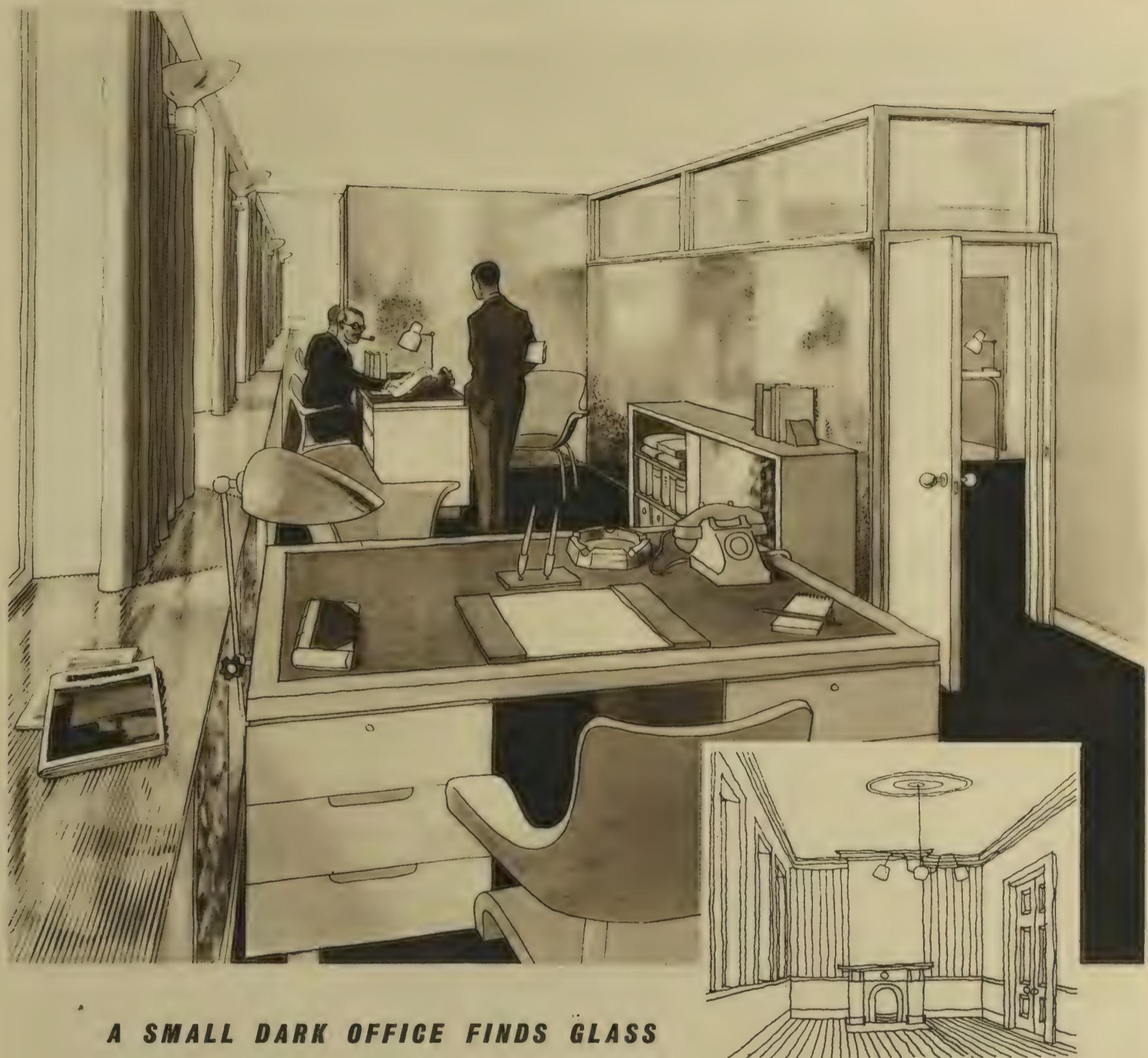
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A SMALL DARK OFFICE FINDS GLASS

PROFESSIONAL MEN, small private companies, even large businesses nowadays often have to put their offices into buildings which were private houses two generations ago. The private house of the past and the office of the present are two different ideas. How can the one be transformed into the other without spending a fortune in the process? In the drawing above we show such a scheme of conversion by architect H. T. Cadbury-Brown, F.R.I.B.A. Two rooms on the first floor of a small town house have been taken and replanned for a two-man professional partnership.

The small sketch shows you the larger room as it was found, with the door to the landing and the smaller room on the right. The larger sketch

shows the alterations made. The landing doorway has been closed, and the dividing wall replaced by a screen three feet farther in, taking space from the larger room, where the two principals will sit, and giving it to the smaller, which will now combine a waiting room and an office for the secretary. As far as the physical shape of the room is concerned that is all that has been done... The rest is glass—glass for reflection, transparency, translucency, variety of texture, light-refraction; glass for liveliness and cleanliness. Reflection? The continuous sill to the windows is of "Luminating" which bounces the light from the sky back into the room. And notice, too, the full length mirror panel to double the apparent

number of windows and add to the feeling of space. Transparency? The panes at the top of the partition (so that the larger room seems to gain ceiling space); every alternate panel in the sliding cupboard doors are transparent too ("Large Flemish") with opaque "Pot Opal" panels in between for decorative effect. Translucency? You can't see it in the sketch, but the lower half of the secretary's window is of "Narrow Reeded", glazed horizontally. Variety of texture? The facing panels on the wall next to the mirror, continued into the smaller room, and the partition itself, are of "Stippolyte", painted grey on the smooth surface, with the interesting, rough surface facing outward. Cleanliness? Glass gives no foothold to dirt.

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He certainly did to us. There's determination in that face and confidence in those young eyes. If he can always survey the world like that he won't go far wrong.



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Please send something—if only a little—towards the £30 it costs to prepare and equip him—and every other unwanted or neglected child we send overseas.

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CALENDAR OF WILD FLOWERS

*A picture for each month of the year
arranged and painted by
Edith and Rowland Hilder*



There is no close season for the wild flowers of Britain. From January to December the hedges and spinneys yield their wealth of charm and colour from the place where the town ends and the countryside begins. Edith Hilder has arranged and portrayed each month's flowers, foliage and fruits against her husband Rowland's incomparable water colours of the English country scene month by month, providing a beautiful and permanent record. During the year between two and three hundred different wild flowers, leaves or grasses will be described and portrayed in full colour, and a key plate provided for easy identification and record. Cut the page out each month and seek the originals in their natural haunts.

THE PICTURES IN FULL COLOUR
*with a key to identify each flower will appear each month in this
journal during 1954*

The KEY to the countryside is



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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1953.



QUEEN ELIZABETH II, HEAD OF THE COMMONWEALTH, SETS OUT ON THE ROYAL TOUR: THE SCENE AS HER MAJESTY AND HER CONSORT WAVED TO THE CROWD, WATCHED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

On November 23 at 8.30 p.m., H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at London Airport to embark in the B.O.A.C. *Stratocruiser Canopus* for their flight to Bermuda, the first stage in their six months' tour of the Commonwealth, details of which are given on other pages in this issue. On leaving the lounge reserved for distinguished persons at the airport, where Sir Winston Churchill, members of the Government and representatives of the Commonwealth had waited to bid farewell to her Majesty, the Queen passed down a red rubber carpet flanked by tubs of chrysanthemums to the stairway leading

up to the aircraft, on which the Royal Standard was broken out as her Majesty came aboard. Standing in the doorway of the aircraft, the Queen turned and, bathed in the blue glare of a battery of arc-lights, waved to the crowd gathered to wish her God-speed. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret also entered *Canopus* to say farewell in private and soon the giant aircraft was heading for the runway escorted by two police motor-cyclists, as shown in our artist's drawing on pages 862-863. At 9 p.m. *Canopus* was airborne and the Royal tour had begun.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"LONDON . . . Implacable November weather . . . Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snow-flakes—gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. . . . Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds." Dickens said it just a hundred years ago, for I see that my first edition of "Bleak House" bears the date 1853. And in far inferior prose I or one of my London contemporaries might say much the same thing to-day. As I look out of my windows this November morning in the middle of the twentieth century the dirty grey winter mist of London lies heavy on the air, choking man and beast. Not that true Londoners really mind fog; most of us have

wings stretch towards the sun and the south at the start of their great voyage of recognition and unification through the world-wide lands and seas of the Commonwealth. Our hearts will be travelling with them. And what a wonderful and romantic voyage they will be making, flying with the sun to the lands of morning! They will be following the route that Drake and Gilbert and Raleigh and the great Tudor sailors took in the reign of the first Elizabeth nearly 400 years ago: that first incredible trail of courage, hope and human greatness that opened the doors of new worlds to their posterity, who have made so much of it and yet, if it could but see its opportunity and obligation aright, might be making so much more of it. They opened the door, and most fortunately for human freedom and happiness, it has never wholly closed; yet again and again—and never more so than to-day—stupidity, unthinking conservatism and a refusal to adventure and take new opportunities have threatened to close it. The Queen's and the Duke's voyage by air and sea round the world is a sign that men wish to keep it open. And what a romantic voyage it is, and how much of human history, past, present and future, is comprised in it! From Andrew Marvell's "still-vexed Bermoothes," they fly to Jamaica, the heart of the British West Indies—our oldest transatlantic home. From here their ship takes them to Panama, where Drake and his intrepid few crossed the Isthmus and first beheld the Pacific, vowing to sail one day on it, with God's help, in an English ship. Thence, sailing almost parallel to the



A MAP, WITH KEY, SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE ROYAL TOUR WHICH IS BEING MADE BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to leave London on November 23 on the first stage of their visit to Australia, New Zealand and other territories of the Commonwealth. They were to fly to Jamaica in a B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser, spending their first night in the air en route for Gander, and their second night in Bermuda. The aircraft was due to reach Montego Bay, Jamaica,

at 3 p.m. G.M.T. on November 25. The above map shows the various journeys by air, sea and land that her Majesty and the Duke will make during their tour, which ends on May 15, 1954, when they are due to arrive home in the recently completed Royal yacht *Britannia*. In the words of the Prime Minister:—"This will be the first time in history that a British Sovereign has circumnavigated the globe."

been so long inured to it that, despite the dirt, suffocation and general inconvenience of it, we have almost a kind of sentimental affection for it. Even though occasionally, at times like the present, we indulge in a spasmodic outburst of protest and indignation at the noisome absurdity of it, we soon forget our grumbling and accept it as our fathers did, as an inevitable and familiar part of the London winter. Not that the fogs of to-day—even the most publicised one of last December—compare in intensity, opaqueness and thick yellow beastliness with the fogs of my boyhood, half a century ago. In at least one of these every winter it was quite impossible to see anything in the street that could give one any clue to one's whereabouts at all; one had to guide oneself entirely by one's sense of feel. I remember that my father, who every day for more than forty years made his way four times a day to or from his home in Lower Grosvenor Place to his place of work at Buckingham Palace—a distance of a bare half-mile following the wall of the Palace gardens—on one occasion during a particularly dense fog completely encompassed the gardens in his groping, passing his own door twice before he found it and his waiting mid-day meal. Those were the days!

For those able to do so there is one especial consolation about our foggy London winter. It is the intense joy of being able, suddenly and miraculously, to take to the sea and glide out of it into pure air and sunshine. How well I remember a December morning twenty years ago when, leaving the Thames by night in a thick, icy brume that had hung over London for days, I found myself, to my astonishment, sitting on the boat-deck of a Rio-bound liner facing south in bright sunshine as we ploughed our gentle way through a calm sea down the English Channel. A day or two after this article is written and a day or two before it appears in print, our Queen and her Consort will have had a similar experience, soaring out of our smoke-charged, liquid northern air as the Royal aircraft's silver

course of Drake's later voyage in the *Golden Hind*, they will cross the Pacific, visiting Fiji and Tonga; and reach New Zealand, that high stronghold of loyalty to ancient British beliefs, just before Christmas. Here, in the Antipodes, they will spend the first month of 1954, and thence crossing to Australia, pass February and March in the great Commonwealth that Cook and his successors won for our island race and the expanding civilisation of the Cross and individual freedom. Then, while the trees in England are first beginning to burgeon amid easterly winds, the Queen of Australia will bid farewell to the lovely Australian autumn and her brave, free-hearted Australian people and sail during April for the Cocos, Ceylon, Aden and Uganda. On May 1 she and her husband will halt at Tobruk; on May 7 at Malta, and May 11 at Gibraltar, three names associated for ever in history with courage and the defence of freedom.

Forty thousand miles by sea and air, and every mile of it with the Royal Standard—symbolic of a thousand years of Christianity and charity and freedom and the defence by men of these precious beliefs—flying overhead. The strain of such a journey, and of the incessant succession of duties, ceremonies and introductions, on the Royal pair can only be guessed at, but the possibilities of goodwill and inspiration engendered by such a pilgrimage are almost incalculable. The Queen and the Duke will be re-dedicating themselves in the presence of the Queen's many peoples to the ideal which is the great object of their lives—the closer unity and brotherhood in freedom of the races of the Commonwealth. May others and, above all, those who guide our policies, take fire from their example and resolve that the millions for whom, in this overcrowded country of misty cities, there is to-day so little opportunity of freedom and expansion, shall have the chance to follow in their steps and, founding new homes on the other side of the world, render our Commonwealth richer, more fully inhabited and more secure!

THE ROYAL FLIGHT TO JAMAICA: CANOPUS AND MEMBERS OF HER CREW.



STEWARDESS ON BOARD DURING THE ROYAL FLIGHT: MISS JUANITA ALICE ROLANDI.



THE AIRCRAFT WHICH WAS THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED IN PREPARATION FOR THE ROYAL TOUR: CANOPUS, ONE OF B.O.A.C.'S FLEET OF BOEING STRATOCRUISERS.



IN COMMAND OF THE STRATOCRUISER CANOPUS: CAPTAIN ANTHONY CHRISTOPHER LORAIN.

CANOPUS, in which her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arranged to fly to Bermuda and Jamaica at the start of their Commonwealth tour, was commanded by Captain A. C. Loraine, one of B.O.A.C.'s senior and most experienced pilots. Captain Loraine, who is forty-three, began flying in 1928 and has flown a total of 14,300 hours. To date he has flown the Atlantic 164 times, including three wartime visits to the U.S., when he co-piloted the flying-boats in which Sir Winston (then Mr.) Churchill went to confer [Continued opposite.]



Continued. with the U.S. President. *Canopus* had a crew of ten, consisting of two other pilots, a navigating officer, radio officer, two engineer officers, three stewards and a stewardess. The aircraft weighs 60 tons and is one of the largest type of commercial airliners at present in service in the world. The four 3500-h.p. Pratt and Whitney *Wasp Major* engines give her a speed of 325 m.p.h., and she is fully pressurised to fly "above the weather." Our pictures include interior details of a transatlantic *Stratocruiser* of the type in which the Queen and the Duke flew.



WITH A WELL-LIGHTED LOOKING-GLASS: THE LADIES' POWDER-ROOM ON BOARD A STRATOCRUISER.



MANNING THE COMPLICATED CONTROL SYSTEM: OFFICERS ON THE FLIGHT DECK OF A STRATOCRUISER OF THE TYPE IN WHICH THE QUEEN TRAVELED.



WHERE MEALS ARE PREPARED HIGH OVER THE ATLANTIC: THE GLEAMING PANTRY OF A STRATOCRUISER.



ALTOGETHER THERE IS ROOM FOR SIXTY PASSENGERS ON BOARD: THE FORWARD MAIN PASSENGER CABIN OF A STRATOCRUISER SIMILAR TO CANOPUS.



THE COMFORT OF AIR TRAVEL: A PASSENGER IN ONE OF THE SIXTEEN SLEEPING-BERTHS ON BOARD A B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER.



GOD-SPEED AND BON VOYAGE! HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FROM LONDON AIRPORT, AS THE AIRLINER

In the evening of November 20 her Majesty the Queen left London Airport by air in the BOAC *Stratocruiser, Canopus*, en route for Bermuda, in the first stage of the Royal Commonwealth Tour. This tour, which will conclude on May 15, when her Majesty returns to London from Gibraltar, will be the first circumnavigation of the globe ever undertaken by a reigning Sovereign, and will include visits to all the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

LEFT FOR THE FIRST STAGE OF THE QUEEN'S SIX-MONTH CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE.

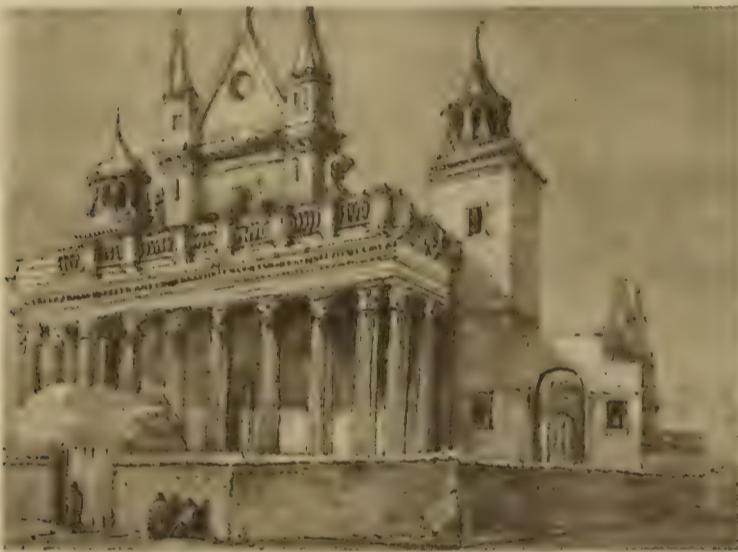
five principal continents. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret drove to London Airport to wish the Queen and the Duke God-speed; and also present at the Airport were Sir Winston Churchill and members of the Government, the Acting High Commissioner for Australia, the High Commissioners for New Zealand and for Ceylon, and the French Ambassador, as the representative of the Diplomatic Corps. Among those travelling with the Queen were Lady Alice Egerton, the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting; Sir Michael Adeane, the Queen's Assistant Private Secretary; Air Commodore Sir Edward Fielden, Captain of the Queen's Flight; and Lieutenant Commander Michael Parker, the Duke of Edinburgh's Private Secretary. Throughout the flight a wireless watch and ward was being maintained by ships stationed along

the route—from England to Gander by ships of the Fourth Destroyer Squadron of the Home Fleet, and a frigate of the Royal Canadian Navy's Atlantic Command; from Gander to Bermuda, by a destroyer and a frigate of the Royal Canadian Navy's Atlantic Command; and from Bermuda to Jamaica by H.M.S. *Vernon Bay*. The aircraft was due at Bermuda at 10 a.m., November 24.

Ryan de Gineau
London Artist



A BOOK by Mr. Brian Reade—"Regency Antiques"—seems to me a most useful, careful and scholarly account of a period about which few of us have more than the vaguest of notions, partly because we have to think twice before we remember what the term means in trade jargon. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales became Regent in 1811, King in 1820, but the name Regency as applied to furniture has long since been used to cover the generation from 1800 to 1830, and it is these years—when modern methods of manufacture began to be practised and England, speaking generally, became more and more middle-class—which are put before us by means of some shrewd notes and nearly 200 excellent photographs, among which are some singular horrors which a less honest historian would have spared us. Here we know the worst—and the best—"I have not indulged the reader in subjective fancies. . . . among the things I have not done is to draw attention to the qualities of the pieces illustrated. Many of these are not yet commercially valuable, but all show features of design or of construction, and each one of them, therefore, should interest somebody. In any



SHOWING INIGO JONES'S REFAVING OF THE WEST END AND PORTICO: OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, 1634-43. FROM A DRAWING BY WENCESLAS HOLLAR.

"In 1634 Inigo [Jones] was formally appointed surveyor of the fabric of St. Paul's. . . . The sum of Jones's repair work was to encase the Gothic core of the south-west front, the west end and the north-west front, that is to say from transept to transept, with a classical skin. He did not touch the inside." [Reproduced from "The Age of Inigo Jones"; by courtesy of the publishers.]

case, it is probably better to see the point of everything if we are to learn anything. Choosiness is little else than rigidity of taste—in other words, a great bore."

At the risk of becoming a greater bore I would venture to whisper with becoming timidity that I shall continue to be choosey in such matters and to express my pleasure that the pompous and preposterous armchair which forms the frontispiece of the volume is safely in a corner of the Victoria and Albert Museum and not in my office. Nevertheless, a good and edifying survey of a period which produced much fine and notable furniture as well as a few clumsy vulgarities. Beginning earlier and ending in the same year is "English Furniture—The Georgian Period (1750-1830)," by Margaret Jourdain and F. Rose, a volume planned and largely written by Miss Jourdain before her death and based upon her earlier writings. Her manuscript has been revised and brought up to date by Mr. Rose and, with its admirable illustrations, is a worthy memorial to a woman who began her researches into the domestic arts nearly half a century ago and to whom all lovers of fine houses and fine furnishings owe an immense debt. This study, like all others from her pen, is authoritative, well-documented, encyclopedic and

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FURNITURE AND ARCHITECTURE—AND EGYPT.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

matter-of-fact—as a historian, in her chosen field she is a Stubbs, not a Macaulay nor a Trevelyan.

In "London Furniture Makers, 1660-1840," Sir Ambrose Heal provides us with the results of thirty years' research into the names, addresses and trade cards of the principal Cabinet-makers, Upholsterers and Carvers—2500 of them—a labour of love if ever there was one. The theme sounds a trifle dull but becomes, in fact, completely fascinating when illustrated by the trade cards (the author reproduces 165 of them), for they are in many cases beautiful designs and in addition to providing information as to trade customs, are minor works of art in their own right.

The final chapter of a sumptuous book is contributed by Mr. R. W. Symonds, who writes with his usual acumen and profound knowledge upon the problems of identifying the authorship of particular pieces of furniture—a problem which is far more difficult in England than in France, where cabinet-makers were compelled by law to mark their wares. Consequently, labelled pieces of furniture are rare, signed pieces exceedingly rare. Labels are of two sorts: the trade card, which was not printed on stiff pasteboard but on paper, and could therefore be stuck on the wood in an inconspicuous place quite easily; and a small, circular label made specifically for this purpose, whereas the trade card was in general intended to be used as a handbill and was sometimes of quarto size.

About two-thirds of the extant pieces of labelled furniture, Mr. Symonds tells us, were made or sold by the colony of craftsmen who worked in St. Paul's Churchyard; the better-known men, sure of their position, did not advertise in this way. Chippendale himself, as everyone knows, never used labels, not even a design on his bill-heads, but put himself on the map in the grand manner with his "Gentleman and Cabinetmaker's Director" of 1754. Here is a warning, for there have been instances of labels having been removed from a poor or broken piece to a better one: "The one and only test is to lift up the edge of the label in order to see whether

the wood underneath has, compared with the wood surrounding the label, a clean and fresh tone, which is the condition it should be in if the label was pasted on when the wood was new. It seems that this kind of cheat has, so far, confined his activities to removing labels from one piece of furniture to another. He has not, as far as we know, applied a loose handbill, of which a number are occasionally advertised for sale in a bookseller's catalogue, to a nameless piece. In this case he would have the added task of treating the label itself, for a label preserved in a bundle of labels has a clean and fresh appearance." Later a



IN MAHOGANY, WITH CARVED LEGS: A WRITING-TABLE DATING FROM C. 1805-10.

"Mahogany never ceased to be employed in England since it was first used in the middle of the eighteenth century: but soon after 1790, pieces began to be made in wood of a lighter shade." In this table, "the stockiness and flamboyancy, characteristic of the main trend in Empire-Regency designs, are very pronounced."

Reproduced from "Regency Antiques," by courtesy of the publishers.

brass plaque was sometimes used, and Gillow of Lancaster was in the habit of stamping his work, a practice followed by numerous London firms in the nineteenth century. The actual bill, of course, if such

exists, exactly determines both date and maker, and by comparing details of established pieces with other of similar character, attributions to individual makers can be made with a fair chance of accuracy. Altogether a very stimulating exposition and superbly illustrated.

I suppose to most of us the name of Inigo Jones means the Banqueting House in Whitehall; to some of us the Queen's House at Greenwich, with its unforgettable hall and staircase. Beyond that we know very little except a vague recollection that this was the man who brought the Renaissance to England. Mr. James Lees-Milne, in "The Age of Inigo Jones," gives us all that is known of Inigo's life and work, and, while naturally stressing his contribution to architecture, has much to say of the age in which he lived and its climate of opinion.

I should like to quote must suffice: "The majority of noblemen and squires, no matter how exalted their social status in the county, cared little for the arts and architecture. They cared a bit about their dignity and prestige. . . . The materials available, whether timber, brick or stone, were indigenous to the districts in which they moved. The tools and gear they used to fashion the materials were so unscientific that only skilled craftsmen could manipulate them. Consequently, men's houses grew slowly out of the earth, like plants, and were variously pleasant. They never disfigured but always beautified a landscape. And the landscape of Stuart England was changing from the mediæval wilderness of forest and moor into an ordered, cultivated garden. . . . Painters were creatures exotic and classless whose art men of birth would rarely condescend to practise. Usually they were foreigners and papists and so politically and socially suspect." I know plenty of people who think in those terms to-day, though they don't care to admit it; it takes a long time to emerge from barbarism.

Space perhaps for one word about another book on my list, "The Scepter of Egypt," by William C. Hayes, of the Metropolitan Museum, New York. This is a first-class, simply-written guide to Egyptian Prehistory, illustrated by maps and more than 200 objects from the Museum's collection, and brings the story down to 1800 B.C. Part II. will be published in due course.



PAINTED TO SIMULATE BRONZE, WITH DETAILS PICKED OUT IN GILT: A CHAIR MADE FOR A VISIT BY GEORGE IV. TO ONE OF THE CINQUE PORTS. (MODERN UPHOLSTERY.)

This chair, painted to simulate bronze, the details picked out in gilt, is an example of the classical bias of designers in the opening years of the nineteenth century. It is in the collection of Mr. W. A. Eevil. [Reproduced from "English Furniture: The Georgian Period (1750-1830)"; by courtesy of the publishers.]

* BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: "Regency Antiques," by Brian Reade. 182 Illustrations; Frontispiece in Colour. (B. T. Batsford; 42s.) "English Furniture: The Georgian Period (1750-1830)," by Margaret Jourdain and F. Rose. With a Foreword by Ralph Edwards. 172 Plates; Frontispiece in Colour. (B. T. Batsford; 63s.) "London Furniture Makers, 1660-1840," by Sir Ambrose Heal. With a Chapter by R. W. Symonds, F.S.A. 165 Reproductions of Makers' Trade Cards and 66 Plates. (B. T. Batsford; £6 6s.) "The Age of Inigo Jones," by James Lees-Milne. 92 Illustrations; Frontispiece in Colour. (B. T. Batsford; 42s.) "The Scepter of Egypt": Part I. From the Earliest Times to the End of the Middle Kingdom, by William C. Hayes, Curator of Egyptian Art at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. (Harper and Brothers; New York; £2.50.)

(Left.)
DIED ON NOV. 15:
SIR RONALD
CAMPBELL.

A distinguished diplomatist, Sir Ronald Campbell, who has died, aged seventy, was Minister at Paris from 1929 to 1935, and at Belgrade until July 1939, when he was made Ambassador at Paris. He remained there until the fall of France. He afterwards went as Ambassador to Lisbon, where he did much to improve relations between this country and Portugal. He retired in 1945.

(Right.)
DIED ON NOV. 18:
SIR EDMUND
VESTEY.

Sir Edmund Vestey, Bt., who has died, aged eighty-seven, founded, with his brother the first Lord Vestey, the Union International Company and the Blue Star shipping line. He controlled a cold-storage business in Liverpool which he transferred, in 1906, to Argentina, where he developed the Blue Star Line. In 1934 he gave a large sum towards the cost of building the tower of Liverpool Cathedral.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE QUEEN'S LAST RELAXATION BEFORE THE STRAIN OF THE ROYAL TOUR: HER MAJESTY, WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER, AT SANDOWN.
On Saturday, November 21, with all their preparations for the Commonwealth tour complete, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh enjoyed a day of relaxation. The Duke went shooting in Windsor Great Park and the Queen, accompanied by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, went to the races at Sandown and they are seen here with the Clerk of the Course (left) and Lord Lewes.

(Right.)
GIVING EVIDENCE IN
WASHINGTON: MR. J.
E. HOOVER.

Mr. J. E. Hoover, head of the F.B.I., gave evidence before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in Washington on November 17, after Mr. Brownell produced a piece of important new evidence in the Harry Dexter White case. This was a letter written by Mr. Hoover to General Vaughan on November 8, 1945, in which he included Mr. White's name in a list of suspected spies.

(Left.)
GIVING EVIDENCE:
MR. BROWNE, U.S.
ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

On November 17 the United States Attorney-General, Mr. Brownell, gave the Senate subcommittee evidence for his charge that Mr. Truman promoted the late Harry Dexter White after receiving a report that he was under suspicion of spying for Russia. He produced a new piece of evidence, a letter written by Mr. Hoover, director of the F.B.I., whose portrait is shown above, and who also gave evidence.



TWO RECORD-BREAKERS AT MOTSPUR PARK: W. H.
HAYWARD (LEFT) AND D. C. REYNOLDS.

W. H. Hayward, of Germiston Callies Harriers, Transvaal, the forty-five-year-old South African athlete, won the Road Runners' Club's twenty-four-hours race at Motspur Park, Surrey, on November 21, and broke a world record by covering 159 miles 562 yards. The previous best distance in the time was 152 miles 540 yards set up in Canada in 1931 by the professional Arthur Newton. D. C. Reynolds, of Blackheath Harriers, also beat this distance by covering 154 miles 1226 yards.



APPOINTED MASTER OF THE
MUSIC: SIR ARTHUR BLISS.
Sir Arthur Bliss has been appointed Master of the Music to her Majesty in succession to the late Sir Arnold Bax. For the Coronation he composed a "Processional" for the Queen's entry. His best-known work is his "Music for Strings," and his biggest work for the stage is the opera "The Olympians."



VICTOR OF THE HOLBORN
BY-ELECTION: MRS. JEGER.
Labour retained the seat in the by-election at Holborn and St. Pancras South on November 19, when Mrs. Jeger, widow of the late Member for the division, had a majority of 1976 votes in a three-cornered fight. Mr. W. T. Donovan (Conservative) polled 13,808 votes, and Mr. I. J. Hyam (Liberal) 695 votes.



IN OTTAWA: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (LEFT) WITH
MR. ST. LAURENT, THE CANADIAN PREMIER.
On November 13 President Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower arrived in Ottawa on a two-day visit to the Canadian capital. The visit was in response to an invitation given by the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, immediately after his election as President. During President Eisenhower's visit the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, gave a dinner and reception in his honour; and, on November 14, the President addressed the two Houses of the Canadian Parliament.



AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS: H.R.H. THE
DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On November 18 the Duke of Edinburgh presided at the inaugural meeting of the 200th session of the Royal Society of Arts in the Society's house in John Adam Street, Adelphi. Our photograph shows the Duke arriving in the Council chamber accompanied by the Earl of Radnor, chairman of the Council. The Duke occupied the chair used by the Prince Consort, who was president for eighteen years.



MR. ATTLEE RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON:
THE SCENE AT GUILDHALL ON NOVEMBER 20.

On November 20 Mr. Attlee, leader of the Opposition, and previously Prime Minister from 1945 to 1951, drove to Guildhall to receive the freedom of the City. Our photograph shows him receiving a silver casket containing a copy of the resolution of the Court of Common Council for the presentation of the honorary Freedom of the City.



AFTER OPENING THE RESTORED ROYAL EXCHANGE
AT MANCHESTER: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.

On November 17 Princess Margaret visited Manchester, where she opened the reconstructed Royal Exchange building and fulfilled other engagements. Our photograph shows the Princess standing in front of the wall tablet commemorating the reopening. In her address, to more than 5000 people assembled in the Great Hall, Princess Margaret spoke of the long association between "my father's family" and the Exchange.

THE RIDDLE OF THE IMMORTAL CHARGE.

"THE REASON WHY"; By CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE title of Mrs. Woodham-Smith's book—she has come to the Crimea by way of a very fine life of Florence Nightingale—is rather question-begging. It suggests that she gives a final solution to the old problem as to why, and through whose fault, the Light Brigade at Balaclava charged up that mile-and-a-half of valley with guns in front of them and on both flanks. The problem, I think, stands where it stood. But the author has produced an admirable book, which cunningly leads up with biographies of the dashing Cardigan and his grim brother-in-law, Lucan, to the Crimean tragedy which brought them together tussling with each other while both in duty were confronting a common enemy. On a small scale she gives us two lives (and Cardigan's was quite violent), the greatest war (and it was but an incursion) of the long Victorian Peace, and that beautiful and ghastly charge of cavalry at which "all the world wondered." We are still left wondering; Nolan died.

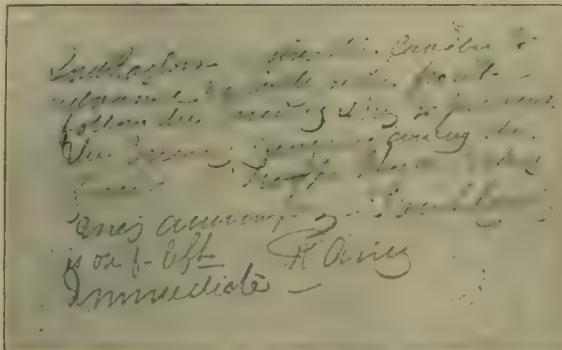
Mrs. Woodham-Smith, when she reaches her Crimean crisis, tells her story with great ability, power and restraint. She has a panoramic sweep, and her details are bright and clear: and she resists any temptation to exaggeration or undue sarcasm. The appalling maladministration of the Army has been described a thousand times; it at least led to drastic reforms (not only in Miss Nightingale's sphere) and was altogether too grim in its results to provoke a smile even from the most flippant. But some of the incidents which Mrs. Woodham-Smith mentions, without undue emphasis, might certainly have tempted a Lytton Strachey or a Guedalla to caricature.

Before the Army ever got to the Crimea there was the strange episode of Mrs. Duberly, wife of Captain Duberly, of the 8th Hussars. Unlike some ladies, she (let alone her horse!) had no sort of permission to accompany her husband. At Varna Lord Lucan "absolutely declined" to allow her to proceed on active service with the Light Brigade: "Cardigan [nominally Lucan's subordinate!], interceding with Lord Raglan on her behalf, received a snub—Mrs. Duberly was certainly not to sail. When Cardigan himself brought her Raglan's answer she burst into tears, upon which Cardigan, 'touched,' told her: 'Should you think it proper to disregard the prohibition, I will not offer any opposition to your doing so.' A plot was devised, and while Lord Lucan was pacing up and down the quay, determined to stop Mrs. Duberly should she attempt to get on board, she managed to have herself smuggled on Lord Cardigan's transport, the *Himalaya*, disguised as a Turkish woman and sitting in a native cart. Lord Lucan, she wrote triumphantly, missed her because he was looking for a 'lady.'" She got all the way; the time came when "Captain Duberly of the 8th Hussars was on duty at headquarters as Lord Raglan's escort, and sent a note down to his wife, who was living in the harbour in the *Southern Star*. 'The battle of Balaclava has begun and promises to be a hot one. I send you the horse. Lose no time, but come up as quickly as you can. Do not wait for breakfast.'"

The first landing had its odd aspects. The Russian Governor of Eupatoria surrendered at once. "He insisted, however, on performing his duties by fumigating the summons, in accordance with the sanitary regulations of the port; and he informed the officers [my italics] of the party that when the Army landed it must consider itself in strict quarantine."

When the battle of the Alma was fought by the "Thin Red Line"—after which "the Allies could have walked into Sebastopol without firing a shot," but the French wouldn't agree to the British plan—there were Mrs. Duberly on the other side. "The Russian Commander, Prince Menschikoff, considered a direct assault on the heights out of the question—no troops could be got to attempt it. Indeed, so confident was he in the impregnability of his position that he had invited a party to come out of Sebastopol to witness, while eating a picnic lunch, the destruction of the Allied armies. Thirty young ladies were on the heights above the Alma, and later British officers were told that as the Army came into view the girls went into raptures over the fine appearance of the troops, especially admiring the red coats of the infantry." Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, also had a good view of the battle. As young Lord Fitzroy Somerset, at the battle of Waterloo, he had been gallantry itself: when his arm was chopped off,

without anaesthetics, he had called out for the amputated limb in order that he might take a ring off a finger; later he was one of the Duke of Wellington's right-hand men. But by the time that the Crimea came and he, by virtue of seniority, was in command, he was senile. While the Russian girls were watching the battle: "Lord Raglan himself had taken up a most curious position. At three o'clock, as the first line rose to its feet, he had cantered down, followed by his staff, crossed the river so far on the right that he passed through French skirmishers and, riding up a sunken lane, had taken up his position on a knoll actually behind the enemy's front line. The Russians made no attempt to interfere with him, because, it was learned later, they were quite unable to believe that he and his staff were alone. Here, separated completely from his Army, he watched the long lines of British troops advance to the attack more than a mile away. 'Never did Commander-in-Chief take up a more amazing station from which to fight a battle,' writes Sir John Fortescue."



THE ORDER WHICH RESULTED IN THE CHARGE.

"Lord Raglan wished the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate. R. Airey."

From a photograph of the original order deposited at the Royal United Service Museum by the sixth Earl of Lucan. Reproduced by permission of the Earl of Lucan, M.C.

Illustrations from the book "The Reason Why"; reproduced by Courtesy of the publisher, Constable.

Even the immortal Charge itself, with all its superb heroism, had its burlesque touches. Cardigan, at the time, was dining and sleeping (by permission) on his yacht, which, equipped with a French cook, had fetched up in Balaclava Harbour—Lucan, it may be added, shared all the hardships of his men. When the advance was ordered, and the men were sharply commanded to put their pipes out: "Lord George Paget, who had just lighted a cigar, felt embarrassed. Was he setting a bad example? Ought he to throw away his excellent cigar, a rarity in Balaclava?" On second thoughts he kept it: "and noticed that it lasted him until he got to the guns." And, at the



COURAGEOUS, BUT AN "OVERBEARING ASS": THE SEVENTH EARL OF CARDIGAN—BROTHER-IN-LAW OF LUCAN—AT THE TIME OF HIS SECOND MARRIAGE IN 1858.

By permission of the Earl of Cardigan.



"TO ME THE ONE WHO COMES OUT OF IT BEST . . . IS LUCAN": THE THIRD EARL OF LUCAN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO, WEARING THE UNIFORM OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

By permission of the Earl of Lucan, M.C.

culminating moment, when the dwindled, disciplined remnant reached their preposterous object, this is what happened to its insanely proud, contemptuous, heroic leader: "When Lord Cardigan dashed into the battery he had, by a miracle, passed through the gap between the two guns unhurt, and in a few seconds was clear—the first man into the battery and the first man out. Behind him, under the pall of smoke, in murk and gloom, a savage combat was taking place, but Lord Cardigan neither turned back nor paused. In his opinion, he said later, it was 'no part of a general's duty to fight the enemy among private soldiers'; he galloped on, until suddenly he was clear of the smoke, and before him, less than 100 yards away, he saw halted a great mass of Russian cavalry.

His charger was wild with excitement, and before he could be checked Lord Cardigan had been carried to within twenty yards of the Russians. For a moment they stared at each other, the Russians utterly astonished by the sudden apparition of this solitary horseman,

gorgeous and glittering with gold. By an amazing coincidence, one of the officers, Prince Radzivill, recognised Lord Cardigan—they had met in London at dinners and balls—and the Prince detached a troop of Cossacks with instructions to capture him alive. To this coincidence Lord Cardigan probably owed his life. The Cossacks approached him, but did not attempt to cut him down and after a short encounter in which he received a slight wound on the thigh he evaded them by wheeling his horse, galloped back through the guns again, and came out almost where, only a few minutes earlier, he had dashed in." A pity, one almost thinks, that he and the Prince hadn't time to exchange cards!

It is evidence of Mrs. Woodham-Smith's sense and skill that she is able to embody all these strange incidents—and many more—in her narrative, and yet never lose her proportion or her gravity. Henry James said of George Meredith (by way of generous defence) "he does the best things best." This may also be said of Mrs. Woodham-Smith, whose description of the Charge of the Light Brigade is a model of what such accounts should be; but she does the other things equally competently. Her whole scrupulous story, with its carefully defined characters and its succession of vivid scenes, can be read as easily as a good novel: and it happens all to be true.

As for "The Reason Why" I don't know that she throws much new light on it. She thanks the families of Cardigan, Lucan, Raglan and Wellington (the Duke died before the Crimean War, or goodness knows what he would have said about the management of it, political or military, for he was one of the wisest and most downright men who ever lived) for access to papers: but she shrinks from the incubus of footnotes, and I know not what new facts she has produced. Major ones, I think, none. "Someone had blundered." She conjectures that had not Lucan and Cardigan been at such bitter feud they might have discussed the fatal order and elucidated the meaning

which Lord Raglan intended it to convey. Nolan, who conveyed the order, was killed in the Charge. The order itself (here reproduced) is woolly to a degree: it led to a charge against the wrong lot of guns. Raglan died almost immediately after, and was glad to die: he said that had he returned to England he would have been stoned. Perhaps "Everybody blundered" would have been a sounder verdict.

To me the one who comes out of it best—not overlooking the cool courage of the conceited, overbearing ass Cardigan, whose very presence at Balaclava was later denied by the usual mob who grudge laurels to the brave and are jealous of rank and birth—is Lucan. He was surly and mulish. He had a quite intractable brother-in-law as second-in-command and an old gentleman who didn't give him a "fair deal" as Commander-in-Chief. He became early aware that whatever he did, whether obeying orders mechanically or taking a reasonable initiative, would be wrong in somebody's eyes. "A cautious ass" was the description of a junior officer. Yet, given an order, he would have charged into any sort of "Valley of Death"; not given the order he would, having learnt by bitter experience, have declined to charge, even though charging might win the world. He almost ruined himself by trying to put his Irish estates (he refused to be an absentee landlord) in order; and, late in life, they made him a Field Marshal. Someone, somewhere, must have said: "They were never quite fair to Lucan."



MRS. CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith was educated at St. Hilda's College, Oxford, and, until her marriage in 1928 wrote articles and short stories. In 1941 she started research for her biography "Florence Nightingale," which was published in 1950 and was reviewed in our issue of September 23 of that year by Sir John Squire.

**THE ROYAL COMMONWEALTH TOUR:
PLACES THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARE VISITING.**



A VIEW OF THE FINE RESIDENCE WHERE HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRANGED TO SPEND THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 24: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BERMUDA.



WHERE THE B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER IN WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WERE DUE TO LEAVE ENGLAND ON NOVEMBER 23 WAS SCHEDULED TO STOP FOR REFUELING: GANDER AIRPORT.



A HISTORIC CORNER IN JAMAICA, THE ISLAND SCHEDULED FOR THE ROYAL VISIT FROM NOV. 25-27: NELSON'S DOCTOR'S COVE, THE BATHING-BEACH AT MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WERE DUE TO ARRIVE IN JAMAICA BY AIR ON NOVEMBER 25 FROM BERMUDA.



STANDING AMID WELL-WOODED GROUNDS AND FLOWER GARDENS: AN AIRVIEW OF KING'S HOUSE, JAMAICA, WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARRANGED TO STAY.

GANDER, BERMUDA AND THE WEST INDIES: FIRST PORTS

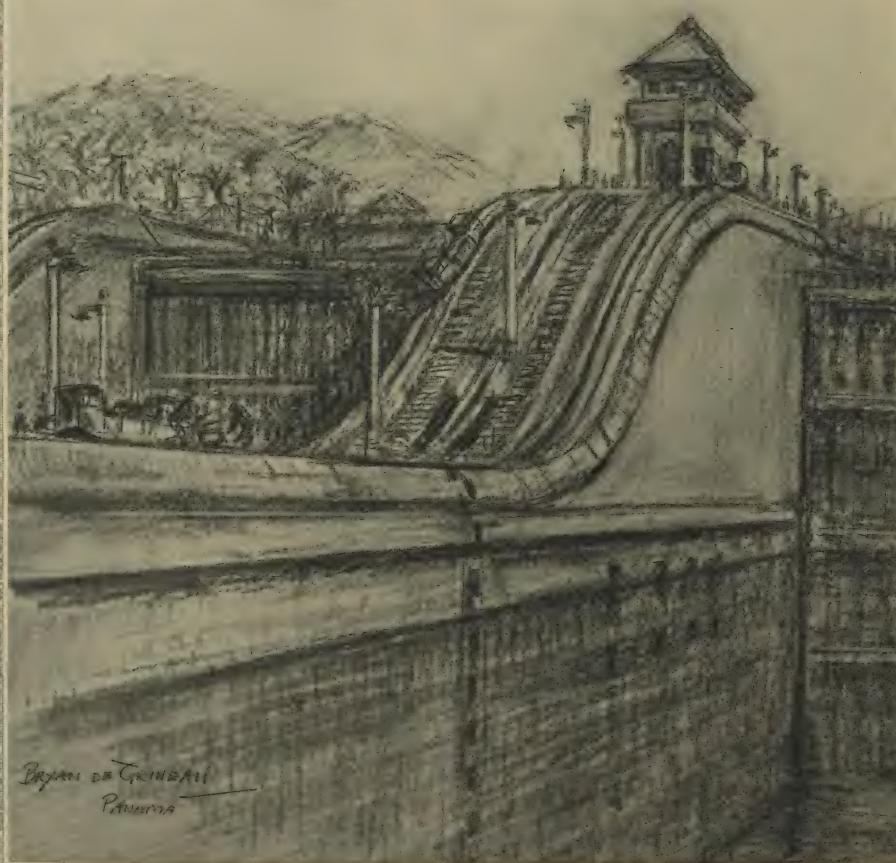
The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to leave England on November 23 for the start of their Commonwealth Tour. Their first port of call was to be Gander, Newfoundland, one of the world's most important airports, for their B.O.A.C. *Stratocruiser* to refuel. Thence they arranged to fly to Bermuda, touching down early on November 24 at the new civil air terminal. Bermuda has never before welcomed a reigning British monarch and the day was declared a public holiday. The lengthy Royal programme included an extensive tour, a visit to the Sessions House for her Majesty to receive an Address, a Government House Garden Party and a State dinner.



SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY: THE VIEW FROM THE BEDROOM IN KING'S HOUSE, KINGSTON, JAMAICA, WHICH WAS PREPARED FOR OCCUPATION BY HER MAJESTY.

OF CALL ON THE HISTORIC ROYAL TOUR OF 1953-4.

An early start was arranged for November 25, when the Royal visitors were due to fly to Jamaica, her Majesty's largest West Indian island; and one with many Royal associations. William IV., as a sailor prince, served there under Nelson; it was visited by King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother when Duke and Duchess of York, and the University College of the West Indies situated there has Princess Alice as Chancellor. During their visit the Queen and the Duke arranged to stay at King's House, where the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, and Lady Foot had the honour of acting as host and hostess; and they were due to carry out a lengthy programme of official engagements.

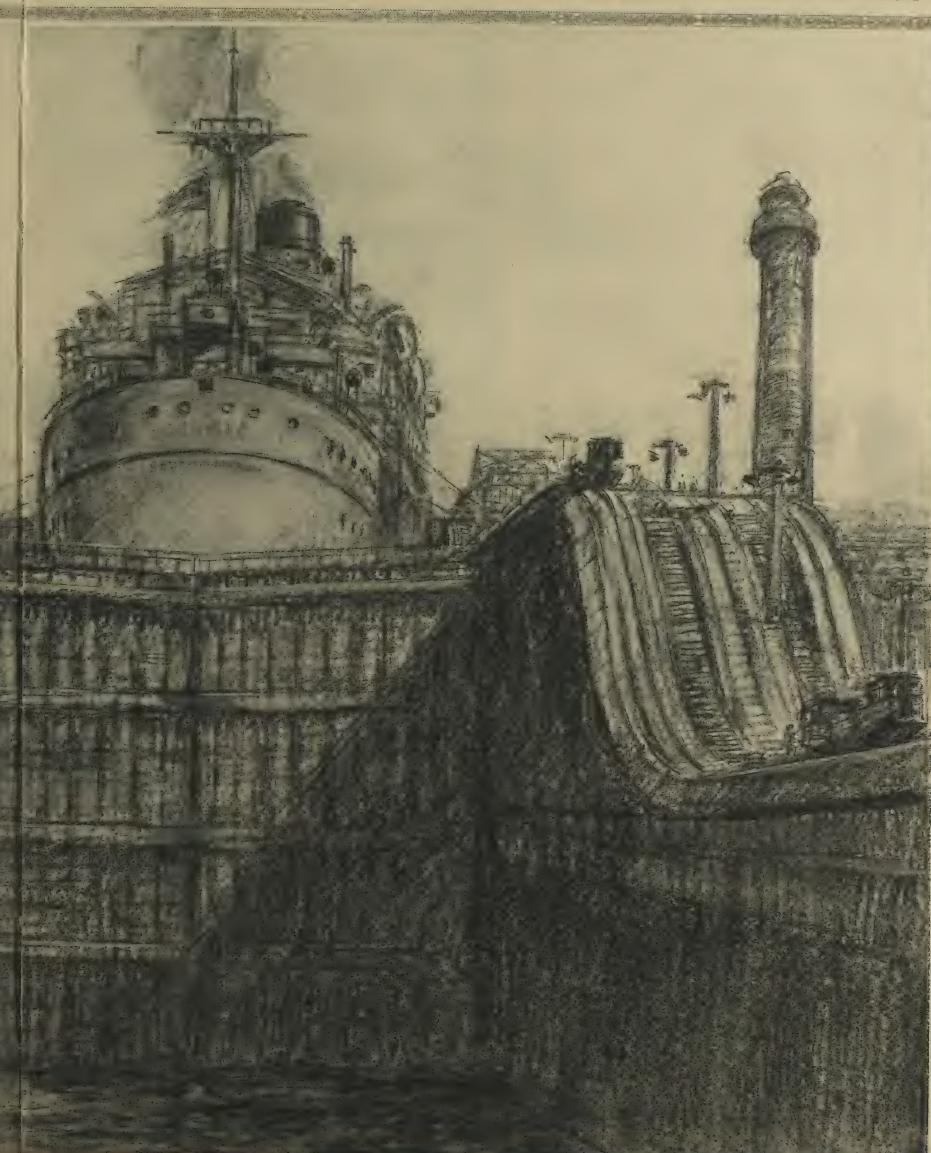


EASTWARD BOUND FROM THE ATLANTIC INTO THE PACIFIC: A LINER OF SIMILAR DISPLACEMENT

Rather surprisingly, when her Majesty has reached Panama at the Pacific end of the Canal, she is 221 miles further east than when she entered the Canal at its Atlantic entrance at Colon. Owing to the fact that at this point the Isthmus of Panama runs south-westwards from the Atlantic to Central America, the general line of the Panama Canal is, first, due south from Colon to Gatun Lake, and then south-eastwards to Panama. Our Artist shows a 15000-ton liner in

one of the three successive locks which lift vessels 85 ft. in all from the Atlantic entry to Gatun Lake. At Pedro Miguel, the Pacific end of the water bridge, the Canal descends 31 ft. in a single lock and later, by means of two locks, to sea-level, near Miraflores. All locks are in duplicate—the duplicate to that occupied by the liner can be seen on the left—so that vessels can be passed in different directions simultaneously. With the exception of small craft, no vessel can pass through a

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



TO GOTHIC CLIMBING UP THE GATUN LOCKS OF THE PANAMA CANAL TO THE 85-FT. SUMMIT.

lock on its own power; and on arrival at the locks it is taken in tow by "electric mules," towing locomotives which operate, as shown in the drawing, on cog-tracks on the walls of the lock. These travel at about two miles an hour; and six are usually required for a ship. There are two ahead on each side, two slightly forward of amidships; and finally two astern to keep the vessel in position and bring it to rest as required. The lock gates are opened and closed by an

electrically-operated machine and every operation in passing a vessel, except the usual "mules," is controlled by a man. The length of the Canal from Atlantic to Pacific is 40.27 miles, or 50.72 miles from deep-water terminus to deep-water terminus. The average time of transit is between 7 and 8 hours, but a record time of 4 hours 10 mins has been registered. Her Majesty, in *Gothic*, was scheduled to pass through the Canal on November 28-29.

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



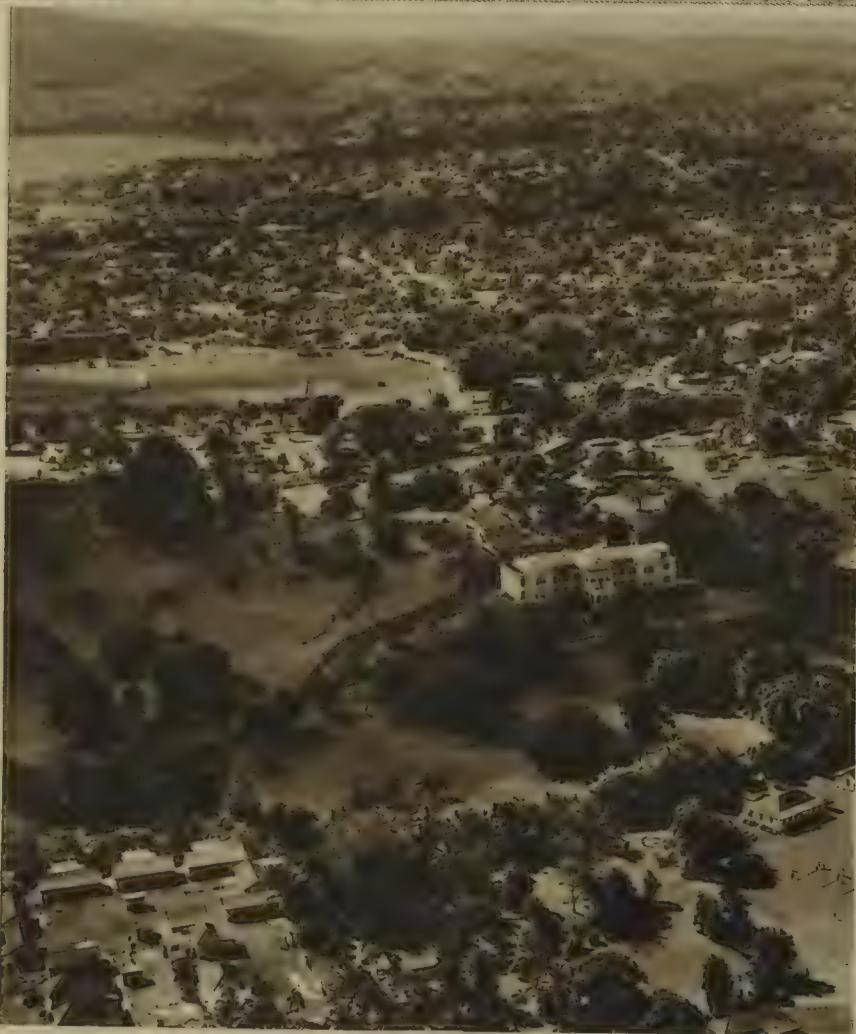
WHERE QUEEN SALOTE TUPOU WILL ENTERTAIN QUEEN ELIZABETH II. AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE ROYAL PALACE AT NUKUALOFA, CAPITAL OF THE TONGAN ISLANDS.



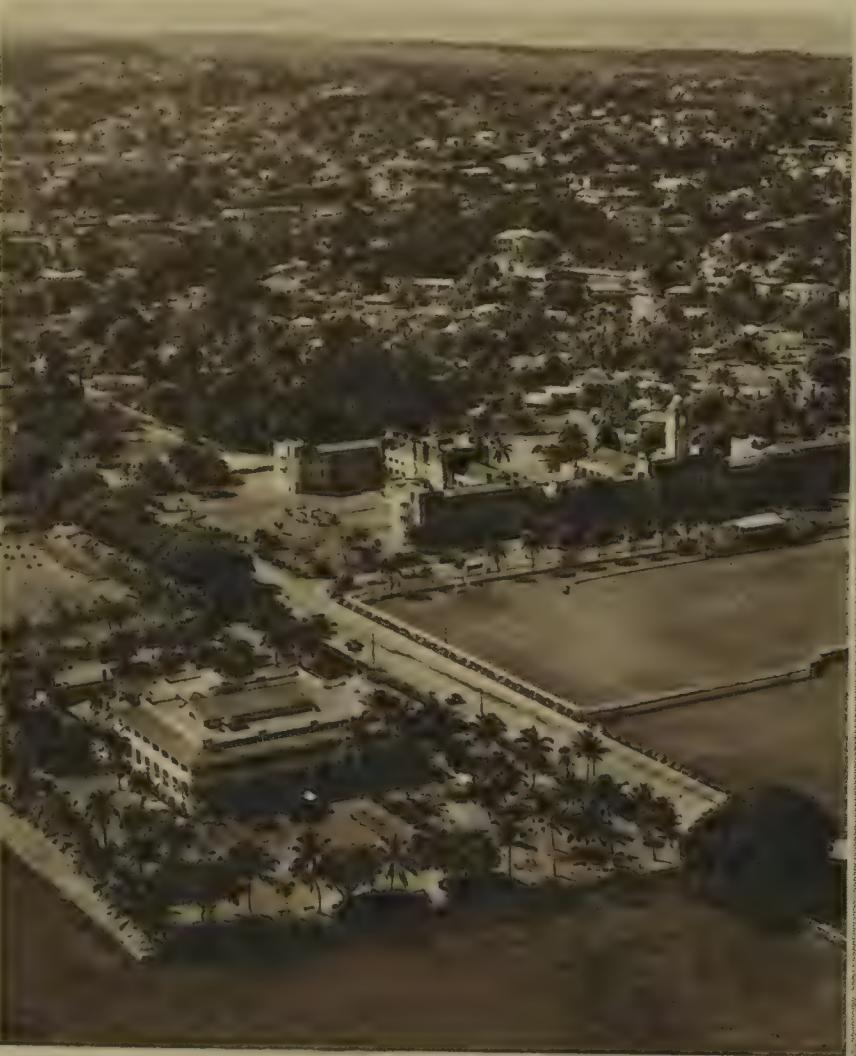
WITH THE ROYAL PALACE VISIBLE TO THE RIGHT OF THE WHARF AMID TREES AND TO THE RIGHT OF A WHITE BUILDING: NUKUALOFA, ON TONGATAPU—AN AIR VIEW.



SHOWING THEIR GRASS SKIRTS AND HEAVY NECKLACES: TWO TONGAN GIRLS MAKING KAVA. A TYPICAL TONGAN FEAST IS TO BE HELD FOR THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.



THE CAPITAL OF THE FIJI ISLANDS: A VIEW OF SUVA, SHOWING GOVERNMENT HOUSE. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARE DUE TO STAY IN FIJI FROM DECEMBER 17 TO 19.



WITH ALBERT PARK (CENTRE), WHERE CEREMONIAL OFFERINGS ARE TO BE MADE: SUVA, FIJI, SHOWING GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AND (FOREGROUND) THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

PACIFIC ISLANDS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WILL VISIT IN DECEMBER: THE FIJI ARCHIPELAGO AND THE TONGAN GROUP.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are visiting the Pacific islands of Fiji and the Tongan Group in December. They are due to arrive at Suva, capital of the Fiji Islands, situated on Viti Levu (area, 4000 square miles), on December 17; and will be welcomed by Fijian chiefs, who will board the *Gothic* and give ceremonial assurance of the Royal welcome her Majesty and the Duke will receive. After landing, the Royal visitors will receive offerings of whales' teeth, and of Fijian food and drink in a ceremonial welcome at Albert Park. The Royal visitors will see Lautoka, on the north-west coast, and inspect schools,

and watch a traditional Fijian entertainment. The visit which the Queen and the Duke are paying to the Tongan Group is of special interest to those in this country who admired the Royal grace of the Queen of that British Protected State when she visited Britain for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. It will last from December 19 to 20, and Queen Salote will entertain the Queen and the Duke in her Palace at Nukualofa. The extension of the Royal visit to Tonga, made possible by flying instead of going by sea from Fiji, will enable the Queen and the Duke to see various objects of interest on the island.



WHERE S.S. *GOTHIC* IS DUE TO BERTH ON DECEMBER 23: AUCKLAND CITY WATERFRONT, SHOWING PRINCES WHARF (RIGHT) AND QUEENS WHARF (CENTRE FOREGROUND).



WITH DEVONPORT IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE: A VIEW OF AUCKLAND CITY AND HARBOUR. GOVERNMENT HOUSE IS SET IN TREES BEHIND THE UNIVERSITY TOWER (RIGHT)



NEW ZEALAND'S LARGEST CITY: AUCKLAND; SHOWING THE HOSPITAL (BEHIND TALL BUILDING, RIGHT FOREGROUND) WHICH THE QUEEN IS TO VISIT ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



TO BE VISITED BY THE QUEEN AND DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON DECEMBER 30: THE CITY OF HAMILTON, SHOWING THE WAIKATO RIVER, WHICH RUNS THROUGH IT.



IN ROMANTIC ROTORUA, IN NORTH ISLAND: THERMAL ACTIVITY AROUND THE NATIVE CHURCH AT OHINEMUTU. ON THE RIGHT IS A MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA.



WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS ARE TO SPEND A FEW DAYS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR: MOOSE LODGE, ON THE SHORES OF BEAUTIFUL LAKE ROTOITI.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND: SCENES IN AUCKLAND; HAMILTON; ROTORUA AND AT LAKE ROTOITI.

On December 23 H.M. the Queen, the first reigning Sovereign ever to visit New Zealand, is due to arrive, with the Duke of Edinburgh, at Auckland, the Dominion's largest city. During their five days' visit to New Zealand's original capital, the Royal visitors are to stay at Government House, where they will spend Christmas Day and from where her Majesty will make her Christmas broadcast. Her message will be recorded in London and re-broadcast throughout

the world at 3 p.m. G.M.T. During their 39-day tour of New Zealand the Queen and the Duke will stay for five days at the beginning of the New Year at Moose Lodge, on the shores of Lake Rotoiti, where they will have only a few engagements, and will, if they wish, be able to swim, sail and fish. Lake Rotoiti is near Rotorua, the famous resort in the heart of New Zealand's marvellous thermal region, with its volcanoes, geysers and hot springs.



WHERE H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL BE IN RESIDENCE FROM JANUARY 9 TO 16: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON.



SHOWING THE CARILLON, WITH THE DOMINION MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY BEHIND (CENTRE): WELLINGTON, THE CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION, WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS WILL STAY IN JANUARY.



WITH THE BUILDINGS OF WELLINGTON (BOYS) COLLEGE—FOUNDED IN 1867—IN THE FOREGROUND: AN AERIAL VIEW OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.



WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL OPEN THE NEW ZEALAND PARLIAMENT ON JANUARY 12: THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.



THE SECOND-LARGEST CITY IN NEW ZEALAND: AN AERIAL VIEW OF CHRISTCHURCH, WITH THE BOTANICAL GARDENS SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



SHOWING AN IRRIGATION CANAL CONSTRUCTED DURING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY FOR SHEEP-FARMING: A VIEW OF CANTERBURY PLAINS, NEAR ASHBURTON, WHICH HER MAJESTY WILL VISIT ON JANUARY 22.



HAVING A POPULATION OF 178,500: CHRISTCHURCH AS SEEN FROM THE AIR, SHOWING THE CENTRAL CITY AREA FROM THE NORTH. HER MAJESTY WILL HOLD AN INVESTITURE AT THE CIVIC THEATRE.



WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS WILL ENJOY A SHORT REST: THE LONGBEACH ESTATE, SHOWING A CORNER OF THE GROUNDS AND THE SMALL WOODEN CHURCH.



WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL HOLD A RECEPTION ON JANUARY 26: THE TOWN HALL (TOP CENTRE, RIGHT; WITH TOWER) AND THE OCTAGON AT DUNEDIN, FROM THE AIR.



SITUATED SEVEN MILES NORTH-EAST OF DUNEDIN AT THE ENTRANCE OF OTAGO HARBOUR: PORT CHALMERS, SHOWING THE QUAYS FOR OCEAN-GOING VESSELS.



WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL RECEIVE A CIVIC RECEPTION AND VISIT THE AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW ON JANUARY 29: INVERCARGILL, SHOWING SUBURBAN GARDENS.



THE PORT FROM WHICH HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL LEAVE NEW ZEALAND IN THE S.S. OLYMPIA: A VIEW OF BLUFF HARBOUR.

THE FIRST VISIT OF A REIGNING SOVEREIGN TO NEW ZEALAND: SCENES IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH ISLANDS, WHICH H.M. THE QUEEN WILL

H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will complete their tour of North Island, New Zealand, at Wellington, where they are due to arrive on January 9. During their visit they will stay at Government House, the residence of the Governor-General, Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Norrie, and Lady Norrie. Government House was first occupied in 1910, and was built on the site of former hospital buildings in Wellington South. It is a comfortable two-storeyed manor-like house. As the occasion is the first visit of a reigning Sovereign to New Zealand, it is particularly appropriate that her Majesty has arranged to open the New Zealand Parliament on January 12, thus exercising in person her constitutional authority as Queen of New Zealand. The Legislative Council was abolished in

1951 and Parliament now consists of the House of Representatives. The Royal visitors will reach Christchurch, in South Island, on January 18, and during their stay her Majesty will hold an Investiture at the Civic Theatre and attend a civic garden-party in the Botanical Gardens. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will attend a luncheon and address the Canterbury Chamber of Commerce, on January 20.

TOUR FROM DECEMBER 23 TO JANUARY 30.

On January 22 her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh are to motor to Longbeach, a mid-Canterbury estate, where they will spend a short rest period. There is a small wooden church in the grounds which was built in 1859 at Prebbleton and subsequently moved to its present site. The Royal visitors arrive at Dunedin on January 25 and will attend a reception at the Town Hall



AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE CITY'S TALL BUILDINGS AND THE ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT HARBOUR IN THE DISTANCE : SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



THE MAJESTY OF SYDNEY BRIDGE, WHICH SPANS THE HARBOUR—COMPLETED IN 1932, IT IS 3770 FT. LONG, WITH AN ARCH SPAN OF 1652 FT.

SYDNEY, capital of New South Wales and Australia's oldest and largest city, was founded in 1788 and named after Viscount Sydney, Secretary of State for the Colonies. Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive there on February 3, and will stay at Government House as guests of the Governor-General, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, until February 8. From the S.S. *Gothic* the Queen, as she sails into Sydney, will see one of the most beautiful harbours in the world spanned from north to south by the magnificent Sydney Bridge, and at night the Royal visitors will see the harbour illuminated by a grand firework display. North and south of the Sydney Heads stretch the magnificent beaches, where the Queen will watch a surf life-saving display. After coming ashore, the first thing the Queen will do as she makes her way to Government House will be to lay a wreath on the Anzac War Memorial in Sydney's Hyde Park.



SHOWING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE CIRCULAR QUAY, WHICH CAN ACCOMMODATE SOME OF THE LARGEST OCEAN VESSELS IN THE WORLD : ON THE RIGHT, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CITY PROPER, ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FAMOUS SYDNEY BRIDGE.



IN AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST CITY : AN AERIAL VIEW OF SYDNEY'S HYDE PARK, WITH THE IMPOSING ANZAC WAR MEMORIAL IN THE CENTRE.



A BATHER'S PARADISE ! MANLY BEACH, ONE OF THE MANY SPLENDID BEACHES WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE CITY, TO WHICH AUSTRALIANS FLOCK AT WEEK-ENDS.

THE ROYAL TOUR : VIEWS OF SYDNEY, WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL HARBOUR AND THE FAMOUS BRIDGE WHICH SPANS IT.



A ROYAL YACHTSMAN: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO IS ACCOMPANYING HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ON HER TOUR OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

The Duke of Edinburgh, with his inborn love of the sea, welcomes any opportunity of sailing, which is one of his favourite pastimes. In 1952 and again this year, the Duke has raced his yachts *Bluebottle* and *Coweslip* during Cowes Week. In this photograph his Royal Highness is at the tiller of the Royal Dragon yacht *Bluebottle*, which was given to the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, and himself as a wedding present from the Island Sailing Club, Isle of Wight. The Duke is so interested in the Dragon class, one of the most popular classes of racing boat in European waters, that he has presented a

trophy for competition each year in Canada by yachts of this class, which are rapidly increasing in number in that country. Since Queen Elizabeth came to the throne in February 1952, the Duke of Edinburgh has taken a large share in the fulfilment of Royal engagements and duties, and his qualities have endeared him to the British people. There is little doubt that his participation in the present Royal tour of the Commonwealth will be as successful as his part in the tour of Canada in 1951, when his tact and courtesy won him affection and respect everywhere.



MAKING A PERSONAL VISIT TO LANDS OF THE COMMONWEALTH: QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

MAKING A PERSONAL VISIT TO LANDS OF THE COMMONWEALTH: QUEEN ELIZABETH II.
Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh arranged to leave London by air for Bermuda on Monday last, November 23, on the start of their Tour of the Commonwealth, a journey which will take them round the world. Our portrait of the Queen, by Professor Arthur Par, was specially commissioned by the people of Singapore as a tribute to her Majesty, and now hangs in the City Hall, Singapore. She is shown wearing the ribbon, star and Lesser George of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, of which she is Sovereign.

Pan, Nobl

was specially commissioned by the people of Singapore as a tribute to her Majesty, and now hangs in the City Hall, Singapore. She is shown wearing the ribbon, star and Lesser George of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, of which she is Sovereign.



THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN, WHO ARE NOT ACCOMPANYING THEIR
PARENTS ON THEIR TOUR.

H.R.H. Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, Heir-Apparent to the Throne, was born on November 14, 1948.
Princess Anne was three on August 15. [Colour Photograph by Marcus Adams.]



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA, THE FEDERAL CAPITAL. THE BUILDING WAS OPENED BY KING GEORGE VI, THEN DUKE OF YORK, IN 1927.



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL STAY DURING FEB. 13-17: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM.



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL LAND ON THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS ESTABLISHMENT ON FEBRUARY 20, 1804: HOBART, THE CAPITAL OF TASMANIA, A FINE CITY, WITH 93,500 INHABITANTS, NESTLING ON THE LOWER SLOPES OF MT. WELLINGTON AND LYING ON A MAGNIFICENT HARBOUR IN THE DERWENT.

CANBERRA AND TASMANIA: THE QUEEN'S VISITS TO THE FEDERAL CAPITAL; AND THE SMALLEST STATE.

Canberra, the Federal capital of Australia, which her Majesty arranged to visit from February 13-17, is a politically-created city after the fashion of Washington, D.C. The Federal capital territory in which it stands is an enclave of 900 square miles in New South Wales and the city was designed (in Chicago) by Mr. Walter Burley Griffin. The foundation-stone of the Parliament Building was laid in 1920 by the then Prince of Wales; and the building was opened on March 26, 1927, by the late King George VI, then Duke of York. By 1938 it had a population of about 9000 and a number of fine buildings,

widely scattered, in a magnificent situation. During the war both the Federal power and the Federal capital grew, and its population by 1951 was around 25,000. Tasmania, the most English in appearance of all the States, is to be reached by the Queen on February 20, the 150th anniversary of the establishment of its capital, Hobart, by Lieutenant-Governor Collins in 1804. The Royal party will be in Hobart during February 20-22, flying thence across the island to Wynyard, and during February 23 visiting Burnie, Ulverstone, Devonport and Cressy. February 24 is to be spent at Launceston, the State's second city.

WHEN I was young the fighting Services —two then, instead of the three to-day—were part of the nation, but they were not part of the community. Kipling, in his banjo style, had written:

A man o' four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned
of a trade—
Beside "Reserve" agin' him—'e'd better
be never made.

and in his noble style, in the dedication to "Soldiers Three,"

Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race,
Since pearls strew not the market-place
In this my town of banishment.

He had made himself the laureate and the annalist of a band of men apart, living its own hard life in the Army, and too often leaving it for a civil life of squalor and destitution. Although the Army received a small sprinkling of men of magnificently adventurous spirit, its best recruiting officer was hunger. This was



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL; AND THE PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLOUGHBY NORRIE (LEFT) AND THE RT. HON. S. G. HOLLAND.

Her Majesty the Queen is due to arrive at Auckland, New Zealand, on December 23. The Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief is Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Norrie, who assumed office on December 2, 1952. The Rt. Hon. Sidney George Holland has been Prime Minister of New Zealand and Minister of Finance since December 1949.

true also of the Navy. Yet there was a difference. I should say that the Navy had the advantage of a larger proportion of "Service families" from which came the most promising recruits. Certainly it was the more popular. "Jolly Jack Tar" had an appeal denied to the Redcoat.

To-day, under universal service, the situation is altogether different. The fighting Services are the youth of the nation—even the Navy, which depends little on conscription, is very young. Another factor unknown in my youth is that we are only eight years away from a great war in which conscription was applied, and this followed another which ended only twenty-one years before the latter began. Thus, except for a small age group just over fifty, the great bulk of the male population has been in one or other of the Services, in war or peace. Quite a considerable proportion of the female, though, of course, very much smaller, has had the same experience. In this integration of the Services in the nation the Army plays by far the most important rôle, because it has claimed more men and women than both the other Services put together. The Navy represents roughly the strength of the Royal Artillery, the strength of which is high because of the numbers needed for its anti-aircraft side.

So the opinion on the Services is largely formed by those who have been members of them—and, as regards women, by mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, who are pretty well acquainted with them and their ways. The overwhelming majority of the men have got out of them at the earliest possible moment. Yet their memories seem in general to be favourable. A certain nostalgia often appears among those who were restless and given to grumbling while they were embodied. For this reason, as well as because all the fighting forces achieved a very good record in the last war and have maintained it in difficult circumstances since, they enjoy high esteem to-day. It is difficult to make comparisons in this respect with the Royal Air Force, because it is so new; but the Army has probably never had as good a name in time of peace. Whereas in the days of which I have spoken its prestige was far below that of the Navy, I do not think this can be said to-day. Technically, at least, the public is most interested in the R.A.F., which is the Service with the greatest potentialities and has such wonders to show.

The Navy still stands first, though it does not appear to go out of its way to seek favour. Where

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FIGHTING SERVICES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

public relations are concerned, the War Office and Air Ministry are more enterprising and perhaps more efficient than the Admiralty. I offer no opinion as to the long-run value of publicity to the fighting forces, but I find it interesting to compare the attitude to it of the U.S. Navy and the Royal Navy. I once spent practically a whole day sitting idly in an office where three capable, "high-powered," American public relations officers were preparing for a big naval occasion, mostly over the telephone, and it was a revelation of the importance accorded to them and of their complete reliance on support from their Admiral, one of the most senior in the U.S. Navy. I have no doubt that our Navy owes some of its popularity to national memory of the long years during which it kept the country from feeling the heaviest impact of the wars in which it engaged. The R.A.F. might have been expected to take its place in the nation's affection to some extent, but sentiment is unaccountable. Fighter Command rightly won enormous prestige after the Battle of Britain, but this splendid incident had to compete with the work of centuries.

The Army has heavier obstacles to popularity to face than either of the other two. Something like four-fifths of it, I believe, is abroad, against a rather similar proportion of the R.A.F. at home. The Army sends about one-third its numbers on foreign services to unpleasant places. In the cold war its duties are far more arduous than those of the Navy and the R.A.F. Only the other day we saw an instance of the unwelcome sort of work it may have to do in the Trieste riots, and that was child's play by comparison with the troubles in the Suez Canal Zone. In the repression of revolt it is only the Army which gets to grips with rebels in Malaya or Kenya. And in the warfare in Korea it was the Army which had to endure virtually all the fighting, the loss, and the suffering. Admittedly, it has derived credit from its bearing in Korea, yet the fact that young conscripts are sent to participate in such a campaign must be a handicap with the softer-minded section of the population. The Army has far more than its share of discomfort.

Its tradition of victory, fine as it is, is not as well established as that of the Navy. This is because, though we have often neglected the Navy, we have not let it fall as low as the Army used to fall after nearly every war. Thus the earlier stages of many of our wars were marked by disasters to the Army—which, in the case of the French revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, went on at intervals for a dozen years—whereas naval disasters have been rare. Moreover, after the Civil War, armed land forces were looked on with suspicion, as the possible instrument of the Crown against parliamentary liberty. In fact, our Army was completely innocent of political intrigue, one of the few in the world of which that could be said. When I was at Oxford, an enterprising American graduate came to me and said he wanted to write a doctoral treatise on pressure groups in the British Army. I told him the subject could be treated briefly

furnished what is called the "beaten zone," the Army could not avoid the "overs." Who ever heard of a time-expired seaman sending a kiss to the Master-at-Arms? It is always the ex-soldier who thus salutes the sergeant-major, and sergeant-majors stand on almost an equal footing with mothers-in-law to this day.

Of late years the Press has become much friendlier to all the Services, and this revulsion seems to affect the Army most of all. The reason is, first, because the nation has such good reason to be proud of them, and, secondly, because, as I have pointed out, they are to so large an extent the nation. Yet still the discreditable story takes an astonishingly prominent place in the news, and there again the Army appears to be the worst sufferer, even taking into account its higher numerical strength. Sometimes the story really is discreditable—it cannot be otherwise. Sometimes, however, it proves not to be, yet the refutation, even if made in Parliament, comes only after the whole



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL; AND THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA: FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM (LEFT) AND THE RT. HON. R. G. MENZIES.

Her Majesty the Queen is due to arrive in Australia, from New Zealand, on February 3. The Governor-General is Field Marshal Sir William Slim, who was sworn in on May 8 last. The Rt. Hon. Robert Gordon Menzies has been Prime Minister since 1949. On April 1 the Queen is due to leave Australia for the Cocos Islands.

business is dead as an item of news and people have passed on to discussing something else. Few pause to think how high must be the standard of discipline in Services which represent the whole nation, its criminal and potentially criminal types, as well as its good and its average. A strong light beats upon the Services and writing to the M.P. has become a habit. Not a great deal that is serious is likely to go unrevealed, yet the revelations are small.

I have concentrated on the Army, partly because I know its problems best, partly because the biggest of these problems is the difficulty it finds in persuading young men that it offers a good life career. Its popularity has risen, but that problem has not been solved. Indeed, while it is rare for all the Services to come so much under the public eye as they have in this Coronation year, Regular recruiting for all three

has dropped steeply. Both the Navy and the R.A.F. are worried on this score, but both come nearer to meeting their needs than the Army does. All sorts of reasons have been put forward to explain this, and I have previously discussed those such as the separation of families and conditions in the Suez Canal Zone. I am myself convinced, though I cannot prove it, that post-war reaction is the main cause. This leads men to underrate many advantages which long service in the Army undoubtedly possesses by comparison with what seems the biggest advantage of civil life, that of settling down. This cannot be considered an unnatural state of affairs.

Yet somewhere in the background there exists the psychological handicap.

Is it a survival of the "muddling through," and the music-hall jokes? He would be a bold man who would confidently answer the question. The appeal of the Navy and the R.A.F. differs greatly, but in either case it seems rather stronger than that of the Army, in proportion to the strength of the three. The handicap is certainly smaller than it was. It has been diminished by steady and efficient management—and to some extent by generally intelligent publicity—and that is the only means by which the process can be continued. As it cannot be swift, the Regular Army may go through a lean time. Considering the vast size of the Army to-day, the big proportion of recruits that it carries, and the fact that it has to do practically all its own "chores," it is a well-run Service. And, within the scope of the resources made available to it, it does offer a career that is worth while to the officer and the long-service non-commissioned officer and specialist.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL; AND THE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON: THE RT. HON. THE LORD SOULBURY (LEFT) AND SIR JOHN KOTELAWALA.

Her Majesty the Queen is due to visit Ceylon from April 10 to 21. The Governor-General is Lord Soulbury, who assumed office in 1949. Sir John Kotelawala has been Prime Minister since October 12, when his predecessor, Mr. Dudley Senanayake, resigned owing to ill-health. Sir John was formerly Minister of Transport and Works.



THE GOVERNOR; AND THE PRIME MINISTER OF MALTA, G.C.: SIR GERALD H. CREASY (LEFT) AND DR. G. BORG OLIVIER.

Her Majesty the Queen is due to arrive in Malta on May 3. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief is Sir Gerald H. Creasy, who was sworn in on September 16, 1949. The present Prime Minister is Dr. G. Borg Olivier, but his Coalition Government was defeated on October 9, and a General Election is to be held in December.

because there had been none. Yet Parliament, having been outraged by the Cromwellian forces—which were not the "British Army"—hardly forgave and never forgot.

It came to be established that the Army "muddled through" its wars. This was true enough of some of them, though in many cases the ultimate responsibility must be laid upon the nation and its Government. Though, goodness knows, there has been nothing amusing about the process, a certain jocularity in Press and public appears when they turn their eyes upon the Army. Fortunately, the War Office has been subjected to this to a greater extent than the Army itself. At one time, indeed, the War Office was classed with mothers-in-law—really an admirable race of women so far as my experience goes—sausages, and other material providing a sure laugh for the comedian. Yet, if the War Office took the bulk of the fire and



THE GOVERNOR; AND THE PRIME MINISTER OF MALTA, G.C.: SIR GERALD H. CREASY (LEFT) AND DR. G. BORG OLIVIER.

"muddling through," and the music-hall jokes? He would be a bold man who would confidently answer the question. The appeal of the Navy and the R.A.F. differs greatly, but in either case it seems rather stronger than that of the Army, in proportion to the strength of the three. The handicap is certainly smaller than it was. It has been diminished by steady and efficient management—and to some extent by generally intelligent publicity—and that is the only means by which the process can be continued. As it cannot be swift, the Regular Army may go through a lean time. Considering the vast size of the Army to-day, the big proportion of recruits that it carries, and the fact that it has to do practically all its own "chores," it is a well-run Service. And, within the scope of the resources made available to it, it does offer a career that is worth while to the officer and the long-service non-commissioned officer and specialist.



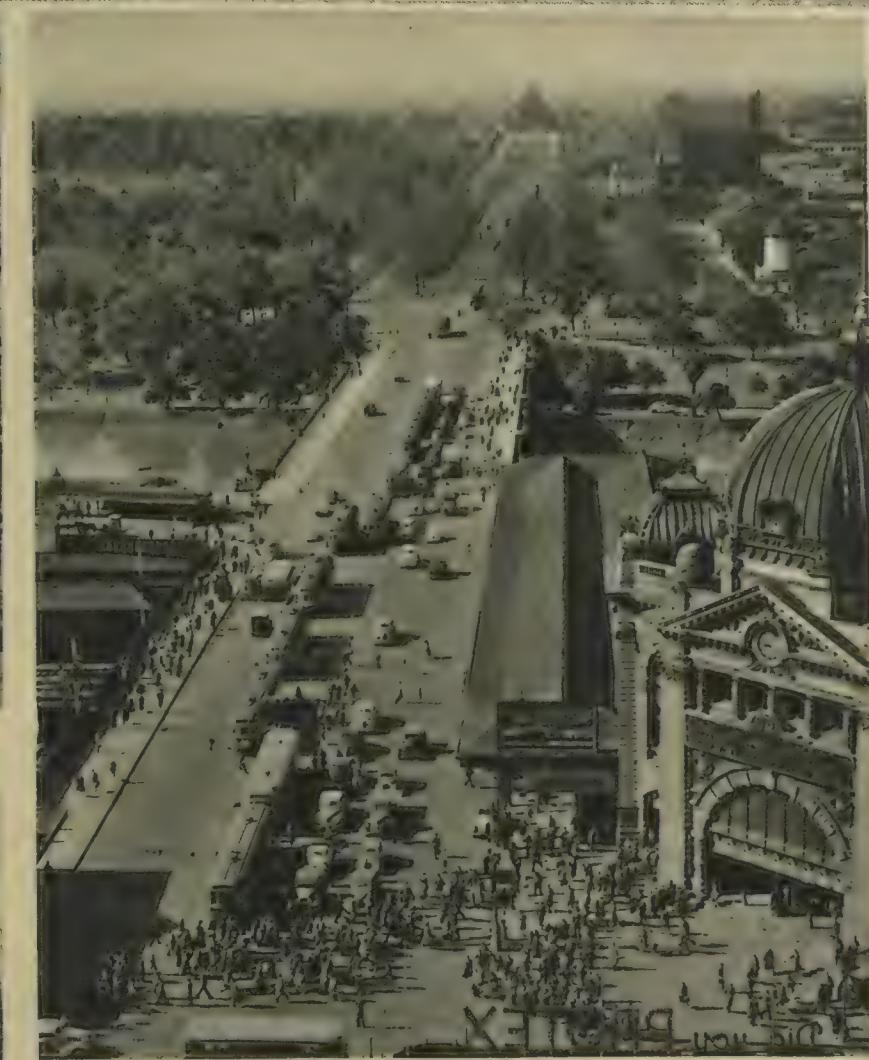
A CITY "WHOSE FRAMEWORK WAS LAID DOWN WITH GENIUS": A VIEW OF MELBOURNE LOOKING DOWN COLLINS STREET AT THE TURN INTO SPRING STREET.



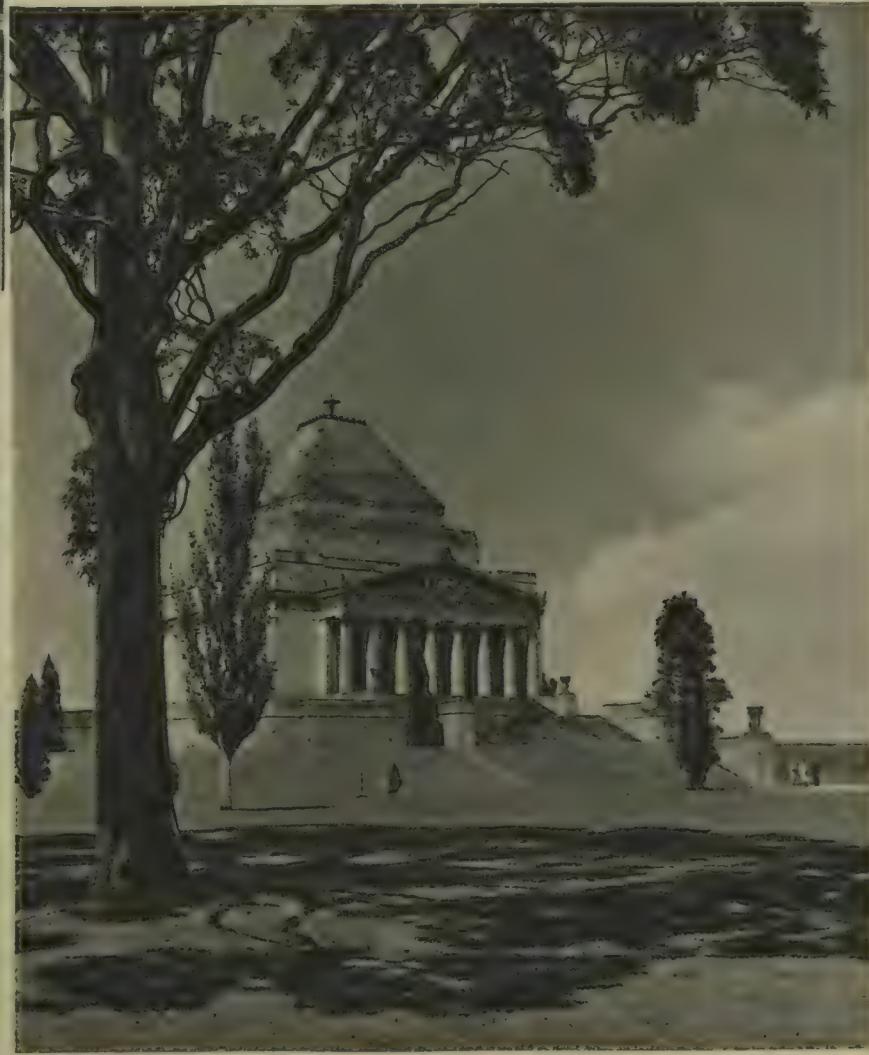
SHOWING THE SPIRE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL (LEFT) AND THE STATE THEATRE (DOMED BUILDING) USED FOR FILMS: MELBOURNE FROM THE SOUTH BANK OF THE YARRA.



THE MOST MAJESTIC OF MELBOURNE'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS: PARLIAMENT HOUSE, WHERE THE COMMONWEALTH GOVERNMENT SAT UNTIL IT MOVED TO CANBERRA.



WITH THE ENTRANCE OF FLINDERS STREET RAILWAY STATION (RIGHT): LOOKING DOWN ST. KILDA ROAD TOWARDS THE DISTANT SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE.

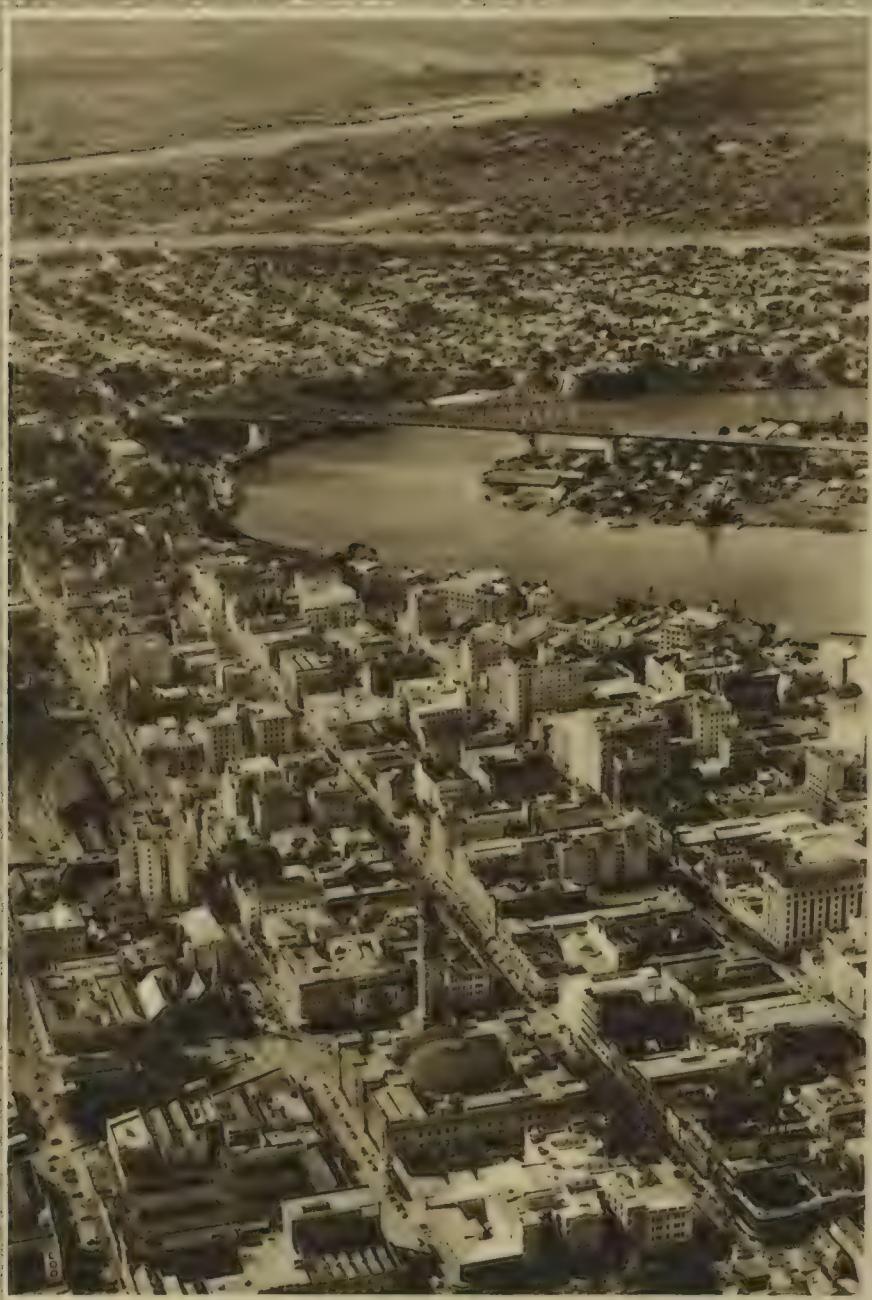


SITUATED IN MELBOURNE'S LARGEST PARK: THE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE MEN AND WOMEN OF VICTORIA WHO SERVED IN WORLD WAR I.

WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WILL SPEND A FORTNIGHT DURING FEBRUARY: MELBOURNE, CAPITAL OF VICTORIA.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are expected to arrive in Melbourne, capital of Victoria, on February 24, and to stay a fortnight, using it as a base for expeditions in the State. Melbourne grew from a small settlement near the mouth of the Yarra, founded in 1835, and "Its framework was laid down with genius," writes Maiie Casey in "Early Melbourne Architecture." Our photographs give some characteristic views of this noble city which, when

the Australian colonies were federated as a Commonwealth in 1901, became the new nation's first capital, and was the national as well as the State seat of Government until the inauguration of the Federal Parliament at Canberra in 1927. Parliament House, where the Commonwealth Government formerly sat, was designed by Peter Kerr and J. C. Knight. Begun in 1856, it was finished some years later. It is a most impressive edifice of Stawell stone.



THE CAPITAL OF QUEENSLAND: BRISBANE, SHOWING A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY WHICH LIES ASTRIDE THE BRISBANE RIVER AND IS SPACIOUS AND WELL-LAI-D-OUT.



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL RECEIVE A CIVIC WELCOME ON HER ARRIVAL IN QUEENSLAND ON MARCH 9: THE CITY HALL IN BRISBANE.



ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S BUSIEST PORTS AND AN IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL CENTRE: BRISBANE, WHICH HAS A POPULATION OF OVER 400,000.



WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARE DUE TO ARRIVE IN S.S. GOTHIC ON MARCH 13: CAIRNS, IN NORTH QUEENSLAND.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: SCENES IN BRISBANE, CAPITAL OF QUEENSLAND; CAIRNS; AND TOWNSVILLE.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive in Brisbane, by air from Melbourne, on March 9, at the beginning of their visit to Queensland, Australia's tropical north. Brisbane, the capital, is the gateway to the huge pastoral State, with its coastal plantations of tropical fruits and sugar-cane and its luxuriant rain forests. In North Queensland the Queen will travel by sea from Townsville to Cairns, the focal point for the principal tourist attractions, and thence along the Great Barrier Reef, which is one of the marine wonders of the world. Formed by the minute coral insect, it extends for more than



SITUATED ON THE WEST SIDE OF CLEVELAND BAY, IN THE NORTH-EAST OF QUEENSLAND: TOWNSVILLE, WHERE THE QUEEN IS DUE ON MARCH 12.

1200 miles along the Queensland coast. It has been said that "no description can adequately convey to the mind an impression of the beauty of the coral and the life associated with it." The itinerary of the Queen's tour of Queensland includes a number of engagements in Brisbane, one being an investiture, and visits to the towns of Bundaberg, Oakey, Toowoomba, Cairns, Townsville, Mackay and Rockhampton. Some of the coast towns have grown up to serve the needs of inland pastoral country, and from these railways run many miles into the interior. The Royal visitors are due to leave for Adelaide on March 18.



(ABOVE.)
ADELAIDE, THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WHICH THE QUEEN IS TO VISIT IN MARCH: THE RAILWAY STATION AND BUSINESS BUILDINGS RISING FROM THE TORRENS LAKE.



(ABOVE.)
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ADELAIDE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AT THE CORNER OF NORTH TERRACE AND KING WILLIAM ROAD. IN THE BACKGROUND, ST. PETER'S ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA possesses some of Australia's richest and most pleasant land and much of its harshest and most arid. Its capital, Adelaide, lies in delightful surroundings and is a fine and attractive city, laid out about the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign by Colonel William Light. It consists of two halves—South Adelaide, the city proper; and suburban North Adelaide, the two being divided by the Torrens River, now held between weirs and known as the Torrens Lake, bordered with lawns, trees and gardens. Her Majesty's programme of visits to South Australia falls into three parts: on Feb. 26, a fleeting visit to Mt. Gambier (a wool-producing district); then the main visit, with engagements as

[Continued opposite.]



THE LOVELY LAKE FRONT OF ADELAIDE REFLECTED, WITH ITS TREES, GARDENS AND TOWERING BUILDINGS, IN THE PLACID WATERS OF THE TORRENS LAKE, WHICH DIVIDES NORTH AND SOUTH ADELAIDE. THIS LAKE WAS FORMERLY THE TORRENS RIVER.



LOOKING DOWN FROM KING'S PARK ON PERTH, THE CAPITAL OF THE LARGEST STATE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, ON A FOLD OF THE SWAN RIVER. TO BE VISITED BY THE QUEEN LATE IN MARCH.



FREMANTLE, THE PORT OF PERTH AND THE HARBOUR FROM WHICH THE QUEEN IS TO LEAVE AUSTRALIA ON APRIL 1 NEXT YEAR IN S.S. GOTHIC. ONLY KERGUELEN ISLAND LIES BETWEEN FREMANTLE AND MADAGASCAR.

THE LAST STAGES OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA: ADELAIDE, PERTH AND FREMANTLE.

Continued. follows: March 19, Adelaide; March 20, Whyalla and Port Lincoln; March 20-21, Adelaide again; March 22, Woomera; March 23-24, Adelaide once more; March 25, Renmark; and finally, after a fleeting visit to Mildura, in Victoria, the last visit to Adelaide on the same day, March 25. Thence by air she is to travel to Kalgoorlie, in Western Australia, for March 26. On March 27-29 she is to be at Perth, the capital of Western Australia, the largest State of Australia, making on March 30 and 31 visits to Busselton, Albany, Northam and York before leaving by sea from Perth's port, Fremantle, on April 1. It is said of Fremantle that it is the port which faces the widest unbroken area of ocean in the world.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST PORTS: COLOMBO, CAPITAL AND CHIEF SEAPORT OF CEYLON, WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WILL ARRIVE ON APRIL 10. A VIEW OF THE ARTIFICIAL HARBOUR.



TYPES OF SINHALESE: A STREET SCENE IN COLOMBO, CAPITAL OF CEYLON, NOW A SELF-GOVERNING DOMINION.



SITUATED BEHIND THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH (SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND): A SMALL BUDDHIST PAGODA SHRINE AT KANDY.



WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS WILL STAY FROM APRIL 18-19: A VIEW OF KANDY, WHICH LIES IN A VAST AMPHITHEATRE OF HILLS, SHOWING THE FINE BOGAMBARA SPORTS GROUND.



TO BE VISITED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE: RUINS OF THE MEDAGIRIGALA TEMPLE, AT POLONNARUWA, THE CITY OF KING PARAKRAMA.



REPRESENTING PARAKRAMA, GREATEST OF SINHALESE KINGS, HOLDING A SACRED BOOK OF PALMYRA LEAVES: A 40-FT.-HIGH STATUE CUT IN THE LIVING ROCK.



WITH, AT THE TOP, RUINS OF KING KASSAPA'S PALACE: THE ROCK OF SIGIRIYA, WHICH RISES TO A HEIGHT OF 600 FT. ABOVE THE PLAIN.

A YOUNG DOMINION WHICH THE QUEEN WILL VISIT IN APRIL: THE LOVELY INDIAN OCEAN ISLAND OF CEYLON.

During their visit (April 10-21, 1954) to Ceylon, the Queen and the Duke will be able to observe the latest developments in this new self-governing Dominion; and also see ancient monuments. When in Colombo their programme includes a ceremonial visit to the House of Representatives; the Prime Minister's garden-party; and the reception by the Queen of a Maldivian delegation. They will later go to Polonnaruwa, the ruins of the city laid out by King

Parakrama the Great (reigned 1153-86); and will visit Sigiriya, the granite rock on which the remains of the palace of King Kassapa may still be seen. The Royal visitors will be at Kandy on Easter Sunday and will attend a reception in the Audience Hall, where, in 1815, the Kandyan chiefs ceded their territory to King George III.; and later will see a Perahera pageant. They will also visit the new buildings of the University of Ceylon at Peradeniya.



MIDWAY BETWEEN AUSTRALIA AND CEYLON: THE COCOS ISLANDS—SHOWING HOME ISLAND ACROSS THE LAGOON—WHICH THE QUEEN WILL VISIT ON APRIL 5.



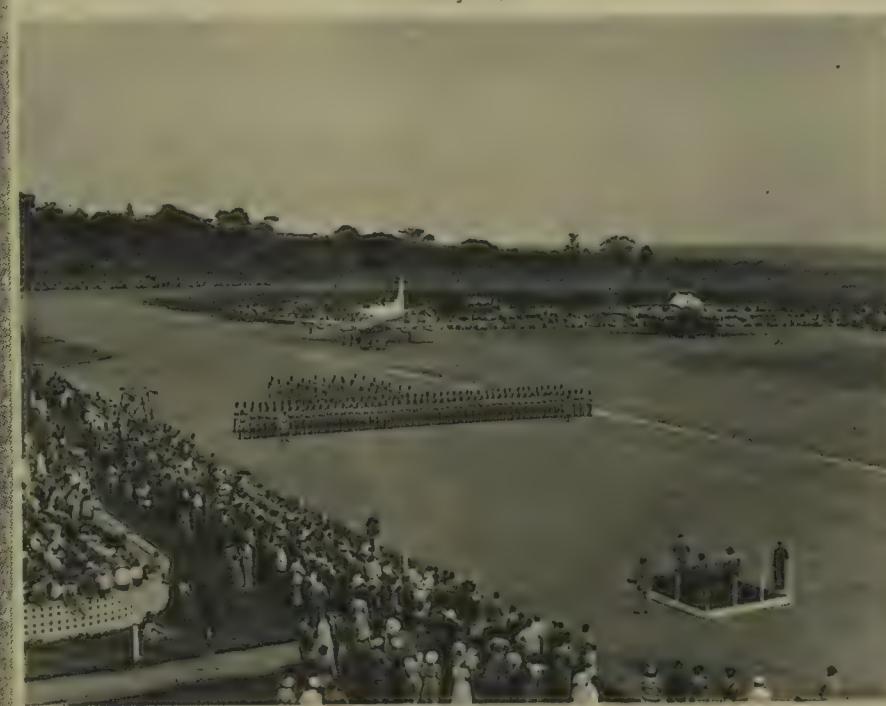
WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL BE ENTERTAINED: THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CLUNIES ROSS IN THE COCOS ISLANDS.



IN THE ADEN PROTECTORATE WHICH ADJOINS THE COLONY: OIL TANKS AT HEDJUFF.



GATEWAY BETWEEN EAST AND WEST: ADEN, IMPORTANT AS A PORT AND A COAL AND OIL BUNKERING STATION, SHOWING THE HARBOUR.



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL LAND ON APRIL 28: THE AIRPORT AT ENTEBBE, SEEN AT THE TIME OF ITS OFFICIAL OPENING IN 1951.



OVERLOOKING LAKE VICTORIA: GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT ENTEBBE, WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL STAY.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY HOME FROM AUSTRALIA: SCENES IN THE COCOS ISLANDS, ADEN AND UGANDA.

During their journey by sea from Australia to Ceylon the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will make a brief midway stop on April 5 at the Cocos Islands. There are some 1700 native inhabitants of the islands and most of the white population are Australians. In 1827 John Clunies Ross made the first permanent settlement when he landed on Home Island; and his family has been associated with the islands ever since. An airfield on West Island, opened in 1952, provides a vital stepping-stone in the air service between Australia and Africa. On April 27 the Queen and the Duke are due to arrive at Aden from Colombo on board the liner *Gothic*. Aden, a volcanic peninsula on the Arabian

coast, forms an important bunkering station on the highway between East and West. It has been a Crown Colony since 1937 and covers an area of 75 square miles; the Aden Protectorate, an area of about 112,000 square miles, lies to the east, west and north of the Colony of Aden, and consists of the territories and dependencies of Arab chiefs, most of whom are in treaty relations with her Majesty's Government. While in Aden the Duke of Edinburgh will visit the new oil refinery site which is due to be completed in December 1954. Towards the end of her tour the Queen will visit Uganda from April 28-30, flying from Aden to Entebbe, where she will stay at Government House.



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL MAKE HER FIFTH STAY, BUT HER FIRST AS REIGNING MONARCH, ON MAY 3-7: MALTA, A PANORAMA OF THE GRAND HARBOUR, SHOWING THE OUTER (LEFT) AND INNER BASINS OF SLEIMA CREEK, WITH SHIPS OF THE ROYAL AND TURKISH NAVIES LYING AT ANCHOR.



THE SYMBOL OF BRITAIN'S MIGHT AND THE LAST STOP OF THE ROYAL COMMONWEALTH TOUR: THE IMPREGNABLE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, SEEN FROM THE AIR FROM THE DIRECTION OF AFRICA AND SHOWING EUROPA POINT IN THE FOREGROUND. THE DATES OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT HERE ARE MAY 10-11.



TOBRUK HARBOUR, WHERE THE QUEEN WILL EMBARK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE NEW ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA ON MAY 1, EN ROUTE FOR MALTA AND GIBRALTAR.

THE LAST STOPS IN THE QUEEN'S CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE: TOBRUK, MALTA AND GIBRALTAR.

After leaving Entebbe by air, the Queen has arranged to make a brief pause at Tobruk, as the guest of the King of Libya, on May 1; and there she will no doubt recall the glories and the tragedies of the various battles fought there. At Tobruk the new Royal yacht *Britannia* will await her for its first Royal voyage and will take her to Malta. This will be her fifth visit to Malta, the first being the time when she spent the Christmas of 1949 there; but the first visit as Queen. The Royal party sails from Malta on May 7 and there will be a



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL PAUSE BRIEFLY, AS THE GUEST OF THE KING OF LIBYA: TOBRUK, WITH A RUINED HOUSE BETWEEN TWO CHURCHES.

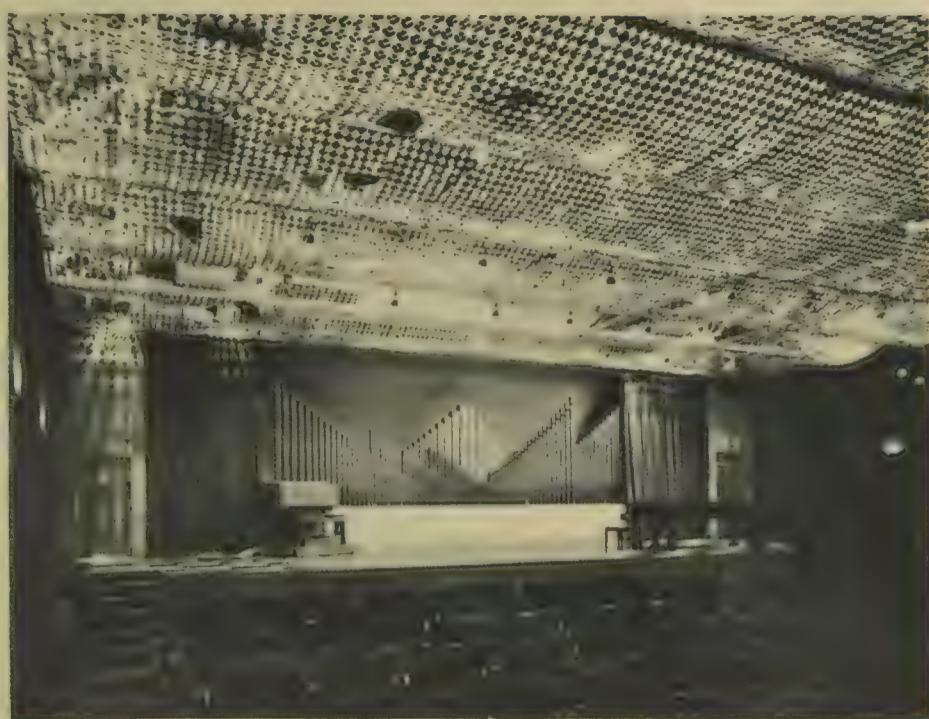
three-day rest at sea before *Britannia* puts in at Gibraltar on May 10 for the last visit before the return home and the completion of the Royal circumnavigation. It is forty-one years since a reigning Sovereign visited the Rock, King George V. and Queen Mary putting in there in 1912 on their return from the Indian Durbar. King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Gibraltar in 1927 as Duke and Duchess of York. The tour is timed to end with the arrival of H.M.Y. *Britannia* at London on May 15.

WORLD NEWS AND EVENTS: IN CANADA, THE U.S.A. AND AT HOME.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW CANADIAN PARLIAMENT ON NOVEMBER 12: H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MR. VINCENT MASSEY, READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

The opening of the first session of the new Canadian Parliament took place on November 12. H.E. the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, is seen reading the Speech from the Throne in the Senate Chamber. On his right is Mr. St. Laurent, the Prime Minister, and facing him are the Justices of the Supreme Court of Canada.



A METALLIC "FISH-NET" ACOUSTICAL CEILING: AN UNUSUAL FEATURE OF THE CONCERT HALL OF THE FINE ARTS CENTRE, UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS, FAYETTEVILLE, U.S.A.

The special acoustical ceiling in the concert hall of the Fine Arts Centre, University of Arkansas, gives the effect of a fish-net. Made of thousands of small heart-shaped aluminium stampings assembled in strings, it is light in weight, and it is claimed to be extremely effective in eliminating reverberations causing echoes.



THE "LONGEST DINNER TABLE IN THE WORLD": CITIZENS OF CULPEPER, VIRGINIA, U.S.A., CELEBRATING THE INSTALLATION OF FLUORESCENT STREET LIGHTING.



IN DRY-DOCK PREPARATORY TO AN ADMIRALTY SURVEY: CAPTAIN SCOTT'S 736-TON WOODEN BARQUE, *DISCOVERY*. *Discovery*, built for Captain Scott's first South Pole expedition in 1901, and later used for further Antarctic service, has since 1936 been used by the Boy Scouts' Association, who have now offered her to the Admiralty. She is seen in dry-dock preparatory to undergoing an Admiralty survey.



STILL ONE OF THE U.S. SECRET RESEARCH AIRCRAFT: THE DOUGLAS X-3, KNOWN AS THE "FLYING STILETTO." The Douglas X-3 "Flying Stiletto" first flew on October 20, 1952, but is still on the U.S. secret list. It has been designed to attain speeds of about 2000 m.p.h. and a ceiling of over 200,000 ft. The materials of which it is constructed include stainless steel and heat-resisting alloys. It is believed to be powered by two Westinghouse J-40 jet engines.



COLLIERY DEVELOPMENT: TRUCKS LEAVING AN UNDERGROUND SIDING TO TRAVEL ON THE NEW EXTENSION LINKING MID-CANNOCK WITH SEA CROFT COLLIERY.



THE QUEEN ADMIRING MR. SIMON ELWES' PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS MARGARET: HER MAJESTY AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS' EXHIBITION. The Queen visited the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the R.I. Galleries on November 19. Her Majesty is shown with (left) Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, and (right) Mr. James Gunn, A.R.A., President of the Society. Mr. Maurice Codner, Hon. Secretary, is on the extreme right.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

TOWERS AND TOWERING.

By J. C. TREWIN

"THE LOVE MATCH" has had Lancastrian approval, so we must suppose that all's well on the home ground. At Blackpool last summer, the author, Glenn Melvyn, saw the game through with ease. Clearly, as a dramatist, he prefers the Tower—Lancashire knows which one—to any of your high-and-mighty ivory towers elsewhere. He will not worry about carping Londoners. Not many of them carped when I was at the Palace Theatre; all about me strong men shook, and I assumed that the piece was in danger of being recommended as a rib-breaker and side-splitter.

There is little more embarrassing than to sit in solemn silence (in a dull, dark dock) while ribs are breaking and sides are splitting to left and right. It reflects on one's sense of humour. One seems prim, priggish. One may even laugh a little to show that it is a gay evening and that one can peel a chestnut with the best. But it is a glum business. I fear that "The Love Match" can never be my nonpareil of farce. Mr. Melvyn keeps on stirring the hot-pot. He allows himself (he plays a railway fireman) to stammer. He has a lodger. He has a shy young man from Wallasey (something new here, to Southerners, at least). And one of the main themes of the scramble is football, League football. Surely, Mr. Melvyn must have said, the piece cannot fail.

Alas, I admit that it does with this old dryasdust, and in spite of its enthusiastic performance. The engine-driver, who is mad on football; who lives in a snug little room the size of the Palace stage; and who spends the last scene in bed (his pyjamas heavily rosetted), waving a rattle, and listening to a football broadcast—fair is foul and foul is fair—is the pocket-comedian, Arthur Askey. Mr. Askey, on the stage, is rather like a rubber ball thrown time after time against a fence and always bouncing back. It comes back at odd angles sometimes, but it is the same ball, and there is not much novelty in the manœuvre when one has seen it repeated a dozen times in succession. Good-tempered bouncing is no real substitute for farcical resource.

Mr. Melvyn himself is better: there is character in his meditative slowness. It is a pity that he has allowed himself to stammer—the stage's direst jest—though, fortunately, Mr. Melvyn is not too aggressive about it. Thora Hird is an alert comedienne; but the company cannot hold together a farce that flaps in tatters during a go-as-you-please last scene. Sadly, to a noise of splintering ribs, I moved towards a sound-proof ivory tower.

"The Love Match" is, so to speak, both in town and out. I went to the provinces for a far more veracious picture of provincial life (during the early 1920s), T. C. Worsley's "Old Bailey" at the Theatre Royal, Bristol. Now Mr. Worsley is a dramatic critic and an exceptionally good one. It does not follow that he must be an expert dramatist. Still, none would deny willingly, after seeing the Bristol Old Vic production, that when he has more space and time, Mr. Worsley will write a distinguished play. I enjoyed much of "Old Bailey," composed quickly and for a specific cast and stage. It has one strong character, Bailey himself, a self-made man who, in his provincial furnishing firm, has built his own strong tower, and who cannot see that it must be freshly fortified as times and people change. Tyrannous, dogmatic, forced to his death by his own son—we have the analogy of the young bull who goes his way to the leadership of the herd—the old man is a figure in an established stage tradition, but with a keen personal quality. Douglas Campbell (whose accent does not tell us where we are in the provinces) acts with an oaken sturdiness. Other personages are, in comparison, new-planted saplings. Mr. Worsley had not time to do much with them. They are craftily suggested, and the Bristol company knows how to take a hint: Dorothy Reynolds is an actress to grace any repertory cast, and Yvonne Coulette can pass with ease from Cleopatra to a young American woman in the fashions of 1923. Even if this is not the play Mr. Worsley had hoped to write, it is an earnest for the future; and we shall seek his name on other programmes.

Still in the provinces, we have Lord Ogleby of "The Clandestine Marriage," the Garrick-and-Colman comedy. He towers over the play as much as Old Bailey over his. Ogleby has come to town now at the King's, Hammersmith; but his play is in the country, somewhere in the Home Counties, where Sterling, the City merchant, has that carefully-planned estate in the taste of his day, all "zig-zag, crinkum-crankum," with ruins that cost £150 to put in repair, a spire to "terminate the prospect," and a little Gothic dairy. I am sure that one of his "improvements" is a tower. Ernest Hare bustles through Sterling. Few others count, for the evening is sustained, as at the Vic in 1951, by Donald Wolfit's faintly-crackling Ogleby, the hair-line of an old fop, a Beau Shadow. He has done nothing better on the stage. It is a delicately-tuned scene in which he has the first brushing, oiling, screwing and winding-up that sets him going for the day. The secret is that Wolfit does not laugh unkindly at the old beau. This is an uncommonly gentle study; most of the cast could learn from its technical assurance. When Wolfit last appeared in the part, one in which he manages to disguise himself completely, he had come straight from the rodomontade of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, the "great and thundering speech." It was like exchanging a long clamour of gong-and-cymbals for the calm tinkling of a spinet. This time Ogleby follows the melodramatic usurer, Sir Giles Overreach, and ends a quite fantastic season which began with Oedipus (in two plays) and has taken King Lear, Macbeth and the major Falstaff in its passage. It is a pity that all the parts have had to be thus crammed together in repertory conditions: some of these revivals have been simply not good enough, and yet Wolfit has so much to give. This, by now, is an old, old story: its repetition does not help. We shall meet the actor next, elsewhere, as Captain Hook, of Eton and Balliol, a part—in Ogleby's phrase for another matter—"simple, yet varied; bounded, yet extensive." For an enthusiastic player it is a piece of Rich, Damp Cake.

Lastly, Verdi's "A Masked Ball," at Covent Garden, which whips us from the provinces to Sweden and the murder of Gustavus III. I have always been delighted by the record of this opera. The libretto, a flauntingly dramatic affair, derives from Scribe. When Verdi had completed his work, the Neapolitan censor refused to allow the operatic assassination of a King. The composer left angrily for Rome. There he had to agree to change the period from Sweden in the eighteenth century to America in the seventeenth; and the King became Richard, Earl of Warwick (or Count Riccardo), Governor of Boston. Other characters were similarly altered; the two conspirators, Count Ribbing and Count Horn, turned (oddly) to Sam and Tom. But that is all over. Professor Dent has brought Covent Garden back to Sweden. I had the luck, a few nights ago, to hear "A Masked Ball" excitingly developed at a performance when Tito Gobbi, in the cast at a few hours' notice, and singing in Italian as the luckless Anckarstroem—who used to be Renato—excited us dramatically and vocally. Here was attack: we shall not forget Gobbi in the aria "Eri tu," sung with magnificent command. At that moment the opera towered indeed.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE LOVE MATCH" (Palace).—This form of hot-pot is an acquired taste; Arthur Askey, Thora Hird and Glenn Melvyn are generous cooks. (November 10.)

"OLD BAILEY" (Theatre Royal, Bristol).—The Bristol Old Vic in a critic's play with one over-mastering character, acted by Douglas Campbell. (November 10.)

"A MASKED BALL" (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden).—Tito Gobbi, arriving in an emergency, was a superb Anckarstroem. (Heard November 13.)

"THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE" (King's, Hammersmith).—Wolfit revives his now classic Ogleby, the walking wisp. (November 17.)

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

CÆSAR AND RUDE SOLDIERY.

By PETER FORSTER

WE went to the Press show understanding that we were to see a film of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." What we saw was very fine and enthralling, but that it was a film was rather less certain; to me, at least, it seemed much nearer to a splendidly photographed stage production—what might be called Roman arena theatre. The thunder before the Ides of March is as stagey as any beaten sheet of tin at the Old Vic; the make-up is grease-paint, the wigs are wigs (very good make-up, quite good wigs), the lighting owes nothing to nature, and "panoramic," which is the word used to describe the new wide screen, is also the exact word for the Rheinhardt touch displayed here. Only once does Joseph L. Manckiewicz (a director hitherto best known for his witty satire on stage folk, "All About Eve") deviate into what the purists call pure cinema, when he insists on a full-scale Battle of Philippi; it is no particular gain.

At the same time, this "Julius Cæsar" epitomises almost every possible talking point on the subject of Film *versus* Stage. We notice points on which the former scores: the atmospheric shadows, the way in which, in close-up, Brutus (James Mason) is always and symbolically photographed so that he is half a head higher than Cassius (John Gielgud). There are the small, significant looks that would pass unnoticed in the theatre, the touches of visual irony. And a film can be cut to acquire the momentum which is so hard to achieve in the theatre. Moreover, it can minimise an actor's faults, so that Sir John Gielgud, who has admitted that he has never been able to walk well across a stage, is now simply shown from the waist up. And especially you have the sheer physical means which would elude all but the most colossal playhouse or arena. This is seen most strikingly in the Forum Scene; poetry is thrown to the winds, yet the very size of the crowd enables Manckiewicz to bring home excitingly the reality of a man against a mob, and the seething, changeable atmosphere of the Roman court-cum-hustings. With this treatment, Antony's "Friends, Romans and countrymen" is no placatory opening gambit, but three words howled out, each louder than the other, to still the hubbub.

Again, in the scenes between Brutus and Cassius, one notes the conflict of accomplishment in two styles. Sir John Gielgud's Cassius was acclaimed at Stratford two seasons ago, and the distinguished dramatic critic whose article appears next to this on this page and who was my companion at the Film Show, assures me that Sir John has repeated his performance to the smallest detail. Cassius dominates the film (Alan Dent, I know, planned to call this article "All About Cassius"!): a taut and snarling man for whom the actor has contrived an antique tragic mask which makes his line, "My sight was ever thick," most apt. It is an excursion into the cinema worthy of one who has done as much as any player these twenty years to advance the cause of the British stage. And the verse, it need hardly be added, is perfectly spoken.

On the other hand, Mr. Mason (like most of the cast) speaks the play as prose, chatting confidently, as if in conversation with the studio audience of technicians whom he must know so well. Sometimes his intelligence illuminates a line—as in the accenting of "There is a tide in the affairs of men"—and always he is aware of how much volume the microphone will record, how much gesticulation and facial expression the camera will stand. It is a fine film performance, which is not quite what I understand by acting.

About Mr. Marlon Brando's Antony one is less sure. Previous films gave expectation of great things, but he plays this part on the simplest possible lines, as a charmless young man with nothing of the demagogue or dissembler in his nature. (Inexplicably, the "mischievous thou art afoot" comment after the Forum scene is cut.) All this leaves to admire is Mr. Brando's undeniable capacity for powerful explosion, which one watches with the same curiosity and lack of interest that one might bestow on a mechanical grab. Much more satisfying is the puffy, self-important yet genuinely noble Caesar of Louis Calhern, whose Lear was a Broadway success not long ago. And Miss Greer Garson, the well-known university lecturer, imparts a brief distinction to Calpurnia. It is a cast worthy of a play which has always lent itself to all-star performance. There are few Americanisms in pronunciation, and only a few of the Senators look as though they had wandered in from a latter-day Turkish bath.

In fact, discounting the Gielgud contribution, here is a first-class prose melodrama, enthrallingly done. There are some wilful cuts and odd effects, as there have been in stage versions. What matters, if I may return to my first point, is that Mr. Manckiewicz has used the resources of the screen to heighten and enhance as far as possible the effects possible on the stage, putting Shakespeare first; more often, as, for example, in the work of Orson Welles, the emphasis is the other way round. Is this more successful than Olivier's Shakespeare films? I suggest that the different subject-matter precludes comparison; one would not produce "Julius Cæsar" in the same manner as "Hamlet" or "Henry V." Naively or not, my own overwhelming reaction here was to come away marvelling that work, written for performance in a tiny, Thames-side cockpit 350 years ago, can be transplanted to a medium its creator never even foresaw, and produced on the other side of the world, yet still retain its power to thrill and move us, just as "the tongue that Shakespeare spake" seems still, even under these circumstances, the right and natural tongue of men.

From soldiers past to soldiers present in "From Here to Eternity," the film based on James Jones's marathon novel about soldiers in Hawaii shortly before Pearl Harbour, which has been widely criticised and even more widely read.

Now there are two issues here. One concerns the behaviour of ordinary soldiers, of whom it is implied that they swear without ceasing, like to drink and wench indiscriminately, and will connive or at least keep quiet in the face of injustice; equally that officers and N.C.O.s can be prejudiced and dishonest, even sadistic. This proposition has been much assailed by those who imagine that the forces off-duty really prefer a diet of tea, buns and Bartok. My own experience in the ranks of both Army and Navy leads me to believe that, even allowing for differences of national temperament, nothing shown in "From Here to Eternity" is impossible or even unlikely. Of course, there is more to be said on this subject, but that is not the point: the absence of an upper storey does not disprove the existence of a bungalow, and Mr. Jones is concerned strictly with humanity at ground-level.

The second issue involves the plot, concerning three particular case-histories, and here dubiety does break in. Thus, I do not believe in a sergeant (Burt Lancaster) who allows a man to be persecuted cruelly because he will not box for his company, and then experiences a tender and exalted love for an officer's wife: as Miss Stein might have said, a brute is a brute is a brute. No more do I believe in the independent-minded soldier (Montgomery Clift) who has signed on for Regular service, yet will neither box because he once blinded a man, nor invoke authority when his superiors make his life almost unbearably unpleasant in consequence. I believe rather more in his friend, an Italian soldier (surprisingly well played by Frank Sinatra) who gets across a brutal N.C.O. in the glasshouse; and a little more still in the officer's wife (Deborah Kerr), who having, as Othello would put it, bestowed her favours on "the general camp," falls truly in love with Sergeant Lancaster.

But the one character in whom I believe completely is Lorene, the "club hostess" with whom Mr. Clift falls in love. Lorene is the American small-town girl gone wrong; she longs to return home and be "proper," and one day she may achieve this. She will not even marry her lover because he is not "respectable." She is at once honest with herself yet easily fooled by others, hard-headed and soft-hearted. And Miss Donna Reed subtly imbues her with a puzzled pathos, and a look half-cowlike, half-calculating, which carry absolute conviction. It is a remarkable characterisation, and the film, for all its brash, unlovely story, is full of power and technical expertise.

A TRIBUTE TO THE GLOUCESTERS, MANCHESTER'S EXCHANGE, LES MINQUIERS AND LES ECREHOU.



THE GREAT HALL OF MANCHESTER ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE SIZE OF THIS HALL WAS REDUCED BY BOMBING; AND THE RECENT RESTORATION RETAINS THE REDUCED SIZE.



THE EXTERIOR OF MANCHESTER ROYAL EXCHANGE: ALTHOUGH AIR RAID DAMAGE LAID OPEN HALF THE INTERIOR, THE EXTERIOR WALLS AND APPEARANCE WERE LITTLE AFFECTED. On November 17, as reported elsewhere in this issue, H.R.H. Princess Margaret opened the reconstructed Manchester Royal Exchange. This building (the fourth on the site) was opened by King George V. in 1921. In 1940 a fire-raid destroyed about half the interior. A temporary wall was erected and business continued in the remainder of the Great Hall. In the present reconstruction this reduction of the hall is kept and in the remaining half of the interior offices have now been built.



MAÎTRESSE ILE, THE ONLY HABITABLE ISLAND OF LES MINQUIERS, ONE OF THE TWO GROUPS IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS RECENTLY AFFIRMED AS BRITISH BY THE HAGUE COURT.



MARMOUTIER, FROM THE AIR: ONE OF THE BETTER-KNOWN OF THE GROUP OF ISLETS KNOWN AS LES ECREHOU, NEAR JERSEY, OF WHICH THE BRITISH OWNERSHIP HAS NOW BEEN UPHELD. On November 17 the International Court at The Hague delivered its judgment in the Channel Islands dispute between England and France; and ruled unanimously that sovereignty over the two groups of islets known as Les Minquiers and Les Ecrehou, in so far as they were capable of appropriation, belonged to Britain and that the title, derived from William the Conqueror, was indeed valid. The main point of the case was to settle disputes between Channel Island and French fishermen over fishing rights.



GLOUCESTER HONOURS THE HEROES OF KOREA. LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. CARNE, V.C., LEADING THE 1ST. BN., THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT, THROUGH THE CITY.



FOR SAFE-KEEPING IN THE CATHEDRAL: THE CROSS CARVED BY COLONEL CARNE IN CAPTIVITY BEING HANDED OVER BY MAJOR A. R. HARDING TO THE DEAN OF GLOUCESTER, THE VERY REV. S. J. A. EVANS. On November 21 Gloucester paid tribute to Lieut.-Colonel Carne, V.C., and the men of his Regiment who fought the heroic action at the Imjin River. The ceremonies included a service in the Cathedral, in which the cross Colonel Carne had carved in captivity was handed over for safe keeping, two marches through the city and a civic luncheon for the officers and men of the Regiment. During a speech Colonel Carne told of the inspiration given him by the remark of a soldier when told they were concentrating on the hill: "That's fine, Sir, we'll be all right up here; 'twill be like the Rock of Gibraltar."

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CHINESE CHIVES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ONE day last summer I gathered for the house a small bunch of four different species of Allium. Arranged in a glass vase, they aroused an immense amount of interest, and appeared to give a great deal of pleasure to all who saw them. I say "arranged" in a vase for want of a better word. Actually no arranging was involved, or necessary. I just put them in water to show their grace and charm without any suspicion of studied, stylised fussing. Some flowers seem to me to be best that way, and those four Alliums would certainly have lost heavily as mere items in an elaborate set-piece floral tableau. Two of them were of the drum-stick type, *sphaerocephalum*, with a close, rounded head of deep purplish-red flowers, and *Allium caeruleum*, with rather smaller heads of cornflower blue. Then there was a very pretty species whose name I do not know. I raised it from seed, and the label got lost before it flowered. On slender, wiry, 18-in. stems, it carries many reddish-lilac flowers on very slender pedicels, some of them erect and some pendant. The fourth was the Chinese chives, or Kiu ts'ai—*Allium tuberosum*. This was given to me a few years ago by Mr. William T. Stearn, when he was librarian to the R.H.S. At the same time he sent me, in booklet form, a most valuable and interesting article, "Notes on the Genus Allium in the Old World," reprinted from the American botanical publication "Herbetia." In this article Mr. Stearn says of *Allium tuberosum*: "Chinese chives, cuchay or Kiu ts'ai (*A. tuberosum*), which in Europe and America is grown only for ornament, in the Far East is much esteemed as a salad plant. From August to October its clumps of profuse, grassy leaves are overtopped by angled stems a foot or so high, bearing starry white flowers in umbels 1½ ins. or so across. These flowers have a pleasant hawthorn-like scent. To salads they impart a honeyed sweetness as well as a garlic pungency, while the leaves can be used like those of chives."

My Chinese chives, planted at the front of a mixed-flower border, have seeded and formed a very attractive colony, which flowered this year from mid-August until well into October. Quite a number of plants have sprung up, self-sown, in the gravel path, and it looks as though, before long, I shall have to restrain the colony. A simple way to keep the plant within bounds would be to pull the heads before they ripen and scatter their seeds.

I have tried the blossoms of this Allium in salads, but, despite their undoubted hawthorn fragrance, they imparted too strong a flavour of garlic for my taste. I like garlic in salads and in many other dishes, but I like it as used by the best French cooks and chefs, as a mere reflection of a shadow of a suspicion, and not as used in more rustic types of French, Spanish and Italian cooking as an almost atomic blast.

In her recently published book, "Now to the Banquet," Isabelle Vischer devotes a whole chapter "In Honour of Garlic and the Onion Family," quoting many learned, and some amusing, authorities, as well as expounding much of her own profound and well-balanced wisdom. She observes: "Horace would have found himself in numerous and good company in Britain. He loathed garlic and he vituperates vehemently against its use: he calls it more lethal than hemlock and writes to Macenas: 'If it ever happened to you, very dear Macenas, to taste such a flavouring, I pray the Gods that your Mistress will put her hand over your mouth and, refusing your kisses, will take refuge from your caresses under the bedclothes at the very end of her bed.'" Lady Vischer's own attitude towards the use of garlic exactly coincides with mine—though she expresses it far better than I could ever hope to. She says: "Garlic must either be unmistakeably present—the pivot of a dish, so to speak, as in Aioli or in Aillade, when it takes a predominance which one instinctively ceases to question or to resent—or it must be *en sourdine*, as the French would put it, so faintly that it remains unseen, indistinguishable and unsuspected, and thus quite unobtrusively fulfilling its humble but all-important task of enhancing and bringing out the full value of other flavours."

During the war there was a serious garlic famine in England. None was being imported, and restaurants—the very best ones—were in despair. There was also, especially at one particular period, an onion famine. At my nursery at Stevenage, having scrapped about 90 per cent. of my herbaceous and Alpine plants, I grew medicinal herbs, and the prolific and invaluable Welsh or, as I christened it, "Ever-ready" onion, selling stock plants for amateurs to grow in their own gardens. In my own private garden I decided to grow garlic. This enterprise not only brought in a useful little packet of pin-money, but solved a subtle problem which had always puzzled me, as doubtless it has puzzled half humanity. What happens when an irresistible force comes in contact with an immovable object? By the time I decided to grow garlic, the stuff was un procurable in this country, and it is by splitting up the bulbs into separate "cloves" and planting these that one grows the delicacy. I wrote therefore to a good friend in America, who promptly posted me a pound of garlic bulbs. Then the trouble started. An official chit came from the G.P.O. They were holding a parcel addressed to me, but could not deliver it, because, if I remember aright, I had not procured an import licence, or maybe because I was not a certified garlic grower. Anyway, I soon found that here was the fabulous immovable object. Having destroyed my life's work in order to grow medicinal herbs and foodstuffs, I took this petty official obstructionism hard. Not to be beaten I decided to launch an irresistible force, in other words another dollop of bureaucracy, against this immovable object that was thwarting my little enterprise. I happened to have a good friend, a V.I.P., in an entirely different Government Department—which shall be nameless. To him I made a free gift of my frozen asset at the G.P.O., with power of attorney to rescue it, and an assurance as to its vital importance to the food situation in Britain. The moral of this story—or the solution of the problem of the irresistible force coming in contact with an immovable object—is, of course, that if the irresistible force has an ounce of sense it just goes round it.

Later I came up against another difficulty in connection with sending onions to the U.S.A. Someone in Western America wished to grow some of my "Ever-ready" onions, and wrote asking me to send him a consignment. Knowing the difficulties of getting live plants into America and the antics and formalities that it involves, I took the letter to the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, where, in a spacious and beautiful office, I explained the difficulty to a most charming diplomat in the Agricultural Department. I was all out, I explained, to help America by sending her onions, but was helpless unless America would co-operate—so what about it? His co-operation was simplicity itself. If I would send the parcel of onions to him, he would see to it that it got slipped into "The Bag." Did onions ever before cross the Atlantic and enter the U.S.A. enjoying diplomatic immunity? And what, I wonder, were the reactions of the diplomats in Washington when they opened "The Bag." My parcel was more than rather somewhat fragrant, even when it left Stevenage! Anyway, I had circumstantial evidence that the onions arrived safely, for in due course a cheque in payment arrived. But here were further difficulties and complications. I gathered from my bank manager that negotiating that cheque would involve endless formalities and form-filings, and answering most awkward and embarrassing questionnaires. I took the matter to my friend at the American Embassy, and explained how, in order to convert the cheque into sterling, I should have to reveal not only my law-breaking but his. He saw my point—and true and perfect diplomat that he was, took the cheque and handed me its equivalent in lovely five-pound notes—from his own wallet. It was refreshing to meet an official who evidently detested red tapeworm as heartily as I did.

Have you come across Isabelle Vischer's enchanting book, "Now to the Banquet" (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.)? If not, let me tell you that it is at once the ideal Christmas present, and the perfect bedside book to possess. Delightfully written, it is packed with good counsel in the matter of food and wine, not just ordinary Mrs. Beeton stuff, but foods and recipes which Lady Vischer has met, and noted, during a life of wide and varied travel.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE EYES HAVE IT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

I HAVE several times had the argument whether the eyes actually express a mood. The eye, of course, has been referred to as "the window of the soul," but I have found, somewhat to my surprise, that the majority opinion, especially among zoologist colleagues, inclines to the view that it is the movement of the face, around the eyes more particularly, that determines what we call "expression." It must be admitted that the point is hard to prove one way or the other, and in a desultory way, I have been on the watch for proof for or against for many years now. In my search, I have taken note not only of people, but of animals. The ideal animal is, of course, one that is domesticated, to give the greatest opportunity for observation, and also one with the least mobile face. That fixes the choice on cats. We happen to have two, the older of which, a uniform black, is the more temperamental. There have been times when, having unwittingly upset this cat, it seemed certain beyond a peradventure that a black malevolence shone from its eyes; but again I may have been misled by the jet blackness of the face surrounding the eyes—the mind inevitably associates evil with black in matters of mood.

The issue is confused from the importance assumed by the face in the psychology of animals. As between one bird and another, recognition and appreciation of mood, at close quarters, at all events, seems to be largely through the medium of the face. This much appears certain from ordinary observation. It has, however, been more accurately assessed by experiment. Thus, birds on the nest will show aggressive display at an intruding human. Now, in such a situation, the bird has over 5 ft. of human form to choose from, and it might be expected to show its aggressiveness at the nearest point of that looming bulk, and perhaps it does. Yet the fact remains that as soon as the head is lowered towards the nest, the bird's attention is readily fixed on it. This remark must, however, be qualified, for if the hand is then moved towards the nest, the bird's attention is transferred to that, there being an appreciation apparently of a more immediate danger from that than from the face. One must necessarily speak in guarded terms about these things for, as with the question raised in my first paragraph, it is not easy to prove one way or the other. Perhaps we have a more illuminating answer to the problem in the unintentional experiment about to be quoted. The account of it came in a letter, and since the writer shall remain anonymous, I shall be doubtless excused for revealing its contents. He told of having a blackbird that came to the kitchen door each morning to be fed, always at the hour of eight. On these visits the bird showed no alarm and, on the contrary, its approach was completely fearless. On one occasion, however, the writer was late and was in the bathroom when he heard the blackbird trying to attract his attention. He went downstairs to feed his pet as usual, but as soon as its benefactor appeared, the bird retired to the roof of a near-by shed, where it displayed aggressively at him. My informant commented that the only difference between this morning and any other was that in his hurried departure from the bathroom he left his dentures behind. In other words, the bird recognised the different appearance of his face and was alarmed accordingly.

Confirmation of the importance of the face in bond-forming behaviour in fishes is given by Baerends and Baerends-van-Roon, in their instructive monograph on the ethology of Cichlid fishes, published in 1950. "We often found that fishes that had formed a pair before, more easily accepted the old mate than an unknown individual." A decade before, two German investigators, Peters and Seitz, had come to the conclusion, independently, that fishes probably "knew each other personally." The matter had, however, been taken further by two American workers, just prior to this. They found not only that fishes of certain species recognised each other, but that this recognition was by the face. When they altered or obscured the characteristic markings on the face—or, more properly, the head—the other no longer recognised its partner. There have been other more casual observations leading to the same end, such, for example, as that by Heinroth, the distinguished psychologist. He had seen a male swan attack his mate when she was feeding, with her head below the surface of the water.

It can be taken for granted then that the head or face plays an important part in the relations between animals, as with humans. It would be more difficult to prove how far it conveys an expression of mood, but it is probably a fair generalisation that this is more likely among mammals than among animals at a lower level of mental organisation. It could even be that it is in the change of features alone. So, to return to the original problem, we may say that there is more solid evidence in favour of the argument that it is not so much the eyes as the adjacent parts of the face. This brings me to *Jason*, our boxer mongrel, which we so often hear referred to by passers-by as "that mastiff."

In repose, *Jason's* eyes appear almost myopic and lack-lustre, certainly expressionless. He has, in common with all dogs, and perhaps more in some than in others, less loose flesh about the face, the faculty of changing his "expressions," if by that we mean changing the pattern of his facial features. His appealing look when he wishes to be petted, and his piteous looks when he feels he ought to be taken for exercise and nobody shows signs of being willing to stir, are no less than in most dogs. And as proof of its potential mobility I always draw attention to the difference between his face in what may be called the normal, and its appearance as he emerges from the bracken after having chased one, mainly imaginary, quarry after another in a wild and savage helter-skelter. There is as much difference as between the seemingly calm and wise expression of a long-eared owl in repose and the satanic expression it assumes in its threat display. With such a mobile face, it is always a moot point how far the dog's eyes are responsible for the appealing, piteous and other expressions he puts on.

There was, however, a Sunday, a few weeks ago, when the rain fell in sheets the day long, and *Jason* had had the most perfunctory of outings. Towards the end of the afternoon, his restlessness and need of exercise began to assume pest proportions. He wandered from room to room of the house, picking up any article that was portable in his mouth, and in view of his predilection for chewing anything chewable, we had of necessity to watch his every movement. It was as a consequence of this that we were watching him closely when, as ultimately happened, he pushed open the door of the dining-room and looked round the edge of the door. Then we had one of those very rare glimpses of the unusual. His eyes, normally, as I have said, verging on the lack-lustre, were on fire. In those brief seconds, they sparkled and danced with every appearance of pure spirit of mischief. It was not my fancy, for those in the room besides myself each commented on it, more or less simultaneously. For my own part, I was watching intently, and while the set of the features, other than the eyes, may have contributed something to this very unusual expression, there was no question this time of the transformation in the eyes. Nor is there any doubt that without that transformation there would not have been such a striking expression of extreme mischievousness.

So far, we have had a medley of mildly interesting anecdotes, but the underlying theme is important. Whoever first named the eye as the window of the soul was speaking intuitively. That is to say, on the basis of a synthesis of experience or thought which owed little to conscious analysis. It is possible, however, to isolate an eye, to describe its gross anatomy and its fine structure, to demonstrate that it is a light receptor, a conveyer of visual stimuli, having fundamentally the mechanics of a camera. Such analysis in isolation gives only one, or a few aspects of its function. But an eye does not function in isolation, and when considered in conjunction with the body as a whole its scope embraces wider and more manifold fields of use. Indeed, the two functions of the eye can very well epitomise two complementary fields of study, the purely scientific, or analytical, and the philosophical, the integrating or synthetical. In any biological essay, the analysis of an organ or a piece of behaviour serves the purpose of furthering our understanding in one direction, but in so far as it is not ultimately and fully related to the whole, it may result in stultifying, or even warping one's outlook.

"AN ELABORATE AND CAREFULLY PREPARED HOAX": PILTDOWN MAN.



THE PILTDOWN MAN: A RECONSTRUCTION BY A. FORESTIER FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF DECEMBER 28, 1912, SUPERVISED BY DR. (LATER SIR) A. SMITH WOODWARD.

SHOWING THE PULP CAVITY PACKED WITH MINERAL GRAINS: A RADIOPHOTOGRAPH OF THE PILTDOWN CANINE, NOW PROVED TO BE OF A MODERN APE.



THE PRELIMINARY FLUORINE TEST OF THE PILTDOWN REMAINS IN 1949: DR. KENNETH OAKLEY DISCUSSING WITH MR. L. E. PARSONS (RIGHT) WHERE THE MANDIBLE OF PILTDOWN MAN COULD BE SAMPLED WITH LEAST RISK OF DAMAGE.

IT was revealed on November 21 that as a result of investigations carried out in the Department of Geology at the British Museum (Natural History) and in the Department of Anatomy, Oxford, it had been established that, although the fragments of the cranium of Piltdown Man were genuine remains of primitive man, the mandible and canine tooth on which the ape-like appearance of Piltdown Man was based are deliberate fakes, and are those of a modern ape. The Museum Report states: "The faking of the mandible and

(Continued opposite.)



SAMPLES OF BONE, DRILLED BY MR. L. E. PARSONS, FROM: (LEFT) PILTDOWN MANDIBLE; (CENTRE) MANDIBLE OF RECENT CHIMPANZEE; AND (RIGHT) PILTDOWN SKULL (RIGHT PARIETAL)—THE FIRST TWO CONSIST OF MINUTE SHAVINGS; THE THIRD IS A POWDER.

Continued.]
canine is so extraordinarily skilful, and the perpetration of the hoax appears to have been so entirely unscrupulous and inexplicable, as to find no parallel in the history of palaeontological discovery." The fluorine test, the nitrogen test and chemical analysis have all played their part in exposing the fraud. Our readers may remember that Dr. Kenneth Oakley described the fluorine test in our issue of Dec. 10, 1949, when he established that the remains were not Lower Pleistocene, as had been believed. The fragments of cranium were found by

(Continued below, centre.)



SEARCHING FOR OTHER PARTS OF THE SKELETON OF PILTDOWN MAN ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST DISCOVERY: MR. CHARLES DAWSON (ALSO INSET; LOWER LEFT), WHO WAS PRIMARILY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PILTDOWN DISCOVERIES; AND DR. (LATER SIR) ARTHUR SMITH WOODWARD (ALSO INSET; TOP RIGHT).

Continued.]
Mr. Charles Dawson, a Sussex solicitor, and taken by him in 1912 to Dr. (later Sir) Arthur Smith Woodward of the British Museum. Dr. Woodward joined Mr. Dawson in searching the gravel-pit at Piltdown, Sussex, when further remains were found, including the mandible. Later a canine tooth was discovered and, in 1915, Mr. Dawson made other discoveries of a corroborative kind.



OF A REDDISH-BROWN COLOUR WHICH MATCHES THAT OF THE CRANIAL FRAGMENTS: THE PILTDOWN MANDIBLE, OUTER VIEW.



AN UNSCRUPULOUS HOAX WHICH HAS NO PARALLEL IN THE HISTORY OF PALÆONTOLOGICAL DISCOVERY: THE PILTDOWN MANDIBLE, INNER VIEW.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no need to be portentous. This truth is still being demonstrated, even in a portentous age (but possibly all ages were the same), especially by women writers. Here, for example, we have "Ladies with a Unicorn," by Monica Stirling (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.) It is a "light" work, if you please; but that means it has risen charmingly, and not at all that there is nothing in it. On the contrary: its lightness is both elegant and grave, sparkling and full of heart.

The foreground is a Roman summer. Off-stage, Count Anton-Giulio Sarmento is shooting his new film. He is the unicorn, the mythical, contended prize, and he is seldom seen; all the gyrations are performed by the contending ladies. Though Françoise Joubert, who wrote the music for the film and now depicts the chase, is in a way exceptional and a dead centre. Françoise is not competing. The war found her a good-looking and happy wife, and left her with a ravaged heart, a stiff, quiet face—the work of plastic surgery after an air-raid—and a determination not to play. Her life has been irrevocably blasted. And therefore Anton-Giulio can be nothing to her, and she assumes that he is nothing, except a friend and colleague. So do the rival nymphs. Peggy Latour, who was at school with her, is the first comer. At school, she was a fat lump with a cricket mania; Françoise can only just remember her, and is astonished at her cropping up. Yet more surprisingly, she has turned out as ravishing and silly as the day is long. Somehow the fat rolled off, the war brought her a gay, romantic match with a French airman, and she has since discovered him to be a leading "socialite" and an exceedingly rich man. But he is now submerged in work, and in a mob of glittering, devoted relatives, which is by no means her idea of fun. Now her idea is Anton-Giulio. She wants to back his film; she has struck up a rapt alliance with his cousin, Princess Girafalcone, who plays the guitar so beautifully. Thus heralded, Valeria bursts upon the stage: a muse compact of fire, constantly chasing a grand passion—ugly, preposterous and irresistible. These two have no suspicion of each other. Françoise, though wooed by both (she is so obviously a non-starter, yet Anton-Giulio "takes her seriously"), has no suspicion of Valeria. And meanwhile, she is receiving confidences on a different plane, from the young London star, the ingenuous and sturdy child Anna-Maria. Françoise identifies this child with her own morning. Twice she is doomed to be an eavesdropper, while Anton-Giulio falls into other hands; but while the fake scene is pure misery, the true and deeper misery starts a rebirth.

These charmers all deserve the name—I mean, their talk lives up to it. And the whole Roman setting is delightful.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Foolish Immortals," by Paul Gallico (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), trusts, one might say, to the external method: to a theme arresting in itself, and with a large capacity for unction. Which is, of course, unanimously put. Still, it defines the genre; and this example has more appeal than most.

It starts where anything can happen, in Los Angeles. Joe Sears is practically down and out. By general consent, he is a nice guy—clever, too—but "you gotta watch him all the time." Because in his philosophy, everyone has an "angle," and only suckers do a job. Now he can't get a job, and a fresh angle is imperative. He finds one in the richest woman in the world. Miss Hannah Bascombe, daughter of Iron Ike the pioneer, has once more told the Press that she intends to live for ever, so as to protect her billions from the Government. Well, it occurs to Joe, what of the patriarchs? Why not the secret of Methuselah? And in the very nick, he falls in with a Stateless, beautiful young Jew who would do almost anything for papers and a trip to Palestine, and seems cut out for a decoy. He gets Ben-Isaac to co-operate, gets past Miss Clary Adams, the young companion-secretary, and really puts the tale across. In fact, it goes too well; when they embark on "field work" in the Holy Land, Hannah insists on coming too. And even that goes well. Ben-Isaac said he had a learned uncle who knew everything—and the old gentleman turns up. And he knows everything; at any rate, he knows an isolated village on Mount Hermon where they preserve the secret. Joe ought in reason to be charmed. But no; he is increasingly disturbed, frets over Dr. Levi's "angle," feels that the scheme has got away from him. . . . And he is more than right. Insensibly, it has become a pilgrimage. The story has a light, engaging quality, and it is much embellished by the travelogue.

"The Brighton Monster," by Gerald Kersh (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a medley of short stories, mythical, "scientific" or sensational. All I can find to say for them is what one always can say for this writer. He has a lively knack, an indefatigable spiel, all the assurance in the world. He will try any "angle," and turn out some kind of a job. But this is not invariably a good plan. For instance, after "The Brighton Monster" and "Note on Danger B," one thing we do know about Time and Space is that he ought to keep away from them. Stories don't come off—yet one can see, at any rate, why they were written. Happened to Corporal Cuckoo?"—he strikes a more rewarding vein.

"Bones in the Barrow," by Josephine Bell (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), has a most fetching start. A train is grinding Londonwards through a dense fog. At one of its innumerable halts, young Terry Byrnes finds himself opposite a lighted window, and sees a murder done. He tells the police; but they have no report of anybody dead or missing, nor can they find the house. Then, later, there are the small bones on a roof; there is the story of the cat's-meat man; and finally, a woman does come bothering about a vanished friend. This Mrs. Hilton had been living with an unknown man, but sometimes she and Janet used to meet. Now she has stopped answering letters, and Janet's view is that the husband must have done away with her. And thus the tale is launched; but its development is not quite worthy of the opening fog.

K. JOHN.

To put it mildly, these

stories don't come off—yet one can see, at any rate, why they were written.

Happened to Corporal

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MYSTICS, MUSES AND MARINADES.

THE ordinary reader may perhaps be forgiven if he fights shy of the work of an accomplished philosopher and mystical theologian. But I can assure him that if he neglects Mr. E. I. Watkin's "Poets and Mystics" (Sheed and Ward; 21s.), he will be missing an intellectual treat such as it will be rarely his good fortune to enjoy—and also that it is well within the scope of unspecialised enjoyment. There is only one passage too deep for the non-swimmer, so to speak, and the author obligingly warns us about it in his preface. To begin with, Mr. Watkin defines both poetry and mysticism in terms which, I confess, were new to me, but which appear on reflection to make eminently good sense, using Claudel's distinction between the "animus" and the "anima" to describe the faculties concerned respectively with the intuition of clear and abstract forms (exact science), and obscure and concrete forms (morality, religion, aesthetics, etc.).

He then applies this distinction to the paradoxical aspects of Shakespeare's work, which have led so many critics to postulate the work of "another hand." Mr. Watkin demonstrates—to the entire satisfaction of at least one of his readers—that there were no "other hands" (except in isolated cases), but two characters within the poet himself, whom he pointedly christens Ariel Shakespeare and Forsyte Shakespeare. It is a hypothesis likely to convince only those admirers who remain this side bardolatry. But Mr. Watkin is not afraid of sweeping away traditional misconceptions. In later essays he proves the essential incompatibility between religion and the drama (while granting the historical dependence of the latter upon the former), and he finds certain sixteenth-century Puritans—not Laudian members of the Church of England—nourishing their spirituality on Catholic sources. He even shows that the Puritan Goodwin anticipated by some years the development of the characteristically Catholic devotion to the Sacred Heart. We meet, in these pages, some who are already well known to us, if only from anthologies, such as Richard Crashaw, Henry Vaughan, and that excellent modern poet, Miss Ruth Pitter. Others, such as Dame Julian of Norwich and Margery Kempe, stand as examples of how much richer our English literature is than even the most diligent compilers of anthologies would ever allow us to guess. In particular, the essay, "In Defence of Margery Kempe," is one of the most delightful and stimulating pieces that I have read for a long time. It has driven me, as I am sure Mr. Watkin would wish it to do, to seek out that sadly neglected work, "The Book of Margery Kempe," and taste for myself the strong flavours of the early fifteenth century so forcibly conveyed in passages such as the following: "Then the Earl's steward sent for Margery to examine her. He took her apart and with obscene language and gestures tried to seduce her, almost to rape her. Finally, however, when she told him that her words and conduct were inspired by the Holy Ghost, he let her go back to the jailer's house. The episode shows the gulf which for good and evil divides us from pre-Reformation England. That any Government official or officer of justice should behave to an accused person as the Steward behaved to Margery is inconceivable. Unfortunately it is equally inconceivable that his conduct should be influenced by belief in the presence and action of the Holy Ghost." How apt and how shrewd! Mysticism, at least for Mr. Watkin, has nothing to do with mists.

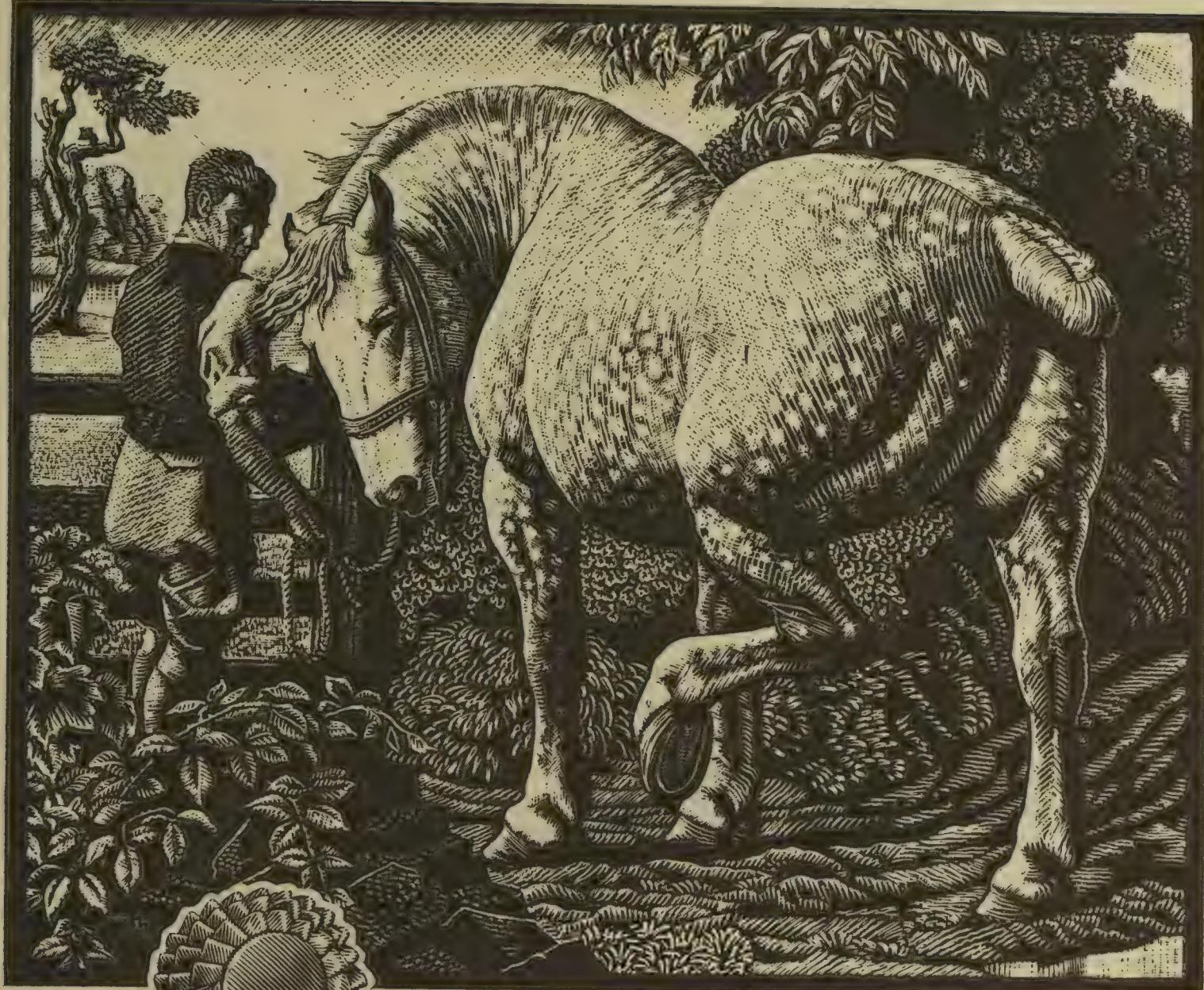
Another enjoyable book, of quite a different quality, is Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Two Worlds for Memory" (Sheed and Ward; 21s.). As one would expect, this autobiography of a great man of letters introduces a long procession of famous and distinguished persons, but Mr. Noyes—to whom I feel bound to ascribe a certain endearing impishness—has shown most of them to us in unusual (and not always Anglo-Saxon) attitudes. Thus we have Swinburne in old age, bald, deaf and Dickensian; Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, regrettably and accidentally inebriated, exclaiming: "I won't be any proper than I've a mind to be. Let me sleep"; Sir Edmund Gosse playing the pussy-cat; Edith Sitwell appearing on various disadvantageous platforms; the Dean of Canterbury, not yet become notorious, remarking: "I am sorry I was not here to receive you, but I have been looping the loop over the Cathedral"—("I am always," comments Mr. Noyes, "reminded of this symbolical moment when I read of his later exploits"). There are controversies with Mr. W. B. Yeats about Sir Roger Casement's diaries; with Thomas Hardy, about his pessimistic opinions; and with Sir Oliver Lodge, about the credibility of a medium. There is also a fine and most sympathetic study of Dean Inge. But what pleased me most was a swift portrait of H. G. Wells—a ruthless treatment of a ruthless subject. The book ends with a moving statement of the seventy-years-old author's Credo.

Writers on food can be didactic, exotic, scientific, or just plain greedy. Lady Vischer's "Now to the Banquet" (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.) I would describe as being adventurous and philosophical as well, and if the element of greed is present—as who would wish it not to be?—it is softened with much delicacy. The many recipes contained in the book are brought in really a pleasant ramble through the extensive domain of Lady Vischer's culinary experience, which brings in the remoter cuisines of Africa as well as ingenious methods of dressing up the ration-bound austerities of the homeland.

No better passing-bell could have been rung for St. Trinian's than the dirge composed by Professor C. Day Lewis, which appears in Mr. Ronald Searle's "Souls in Torment" (Perpetua; 12s. 6d.). As my own blood-stained wreath of deadly nightshade, I lay on its ashes the vision of a century to come when no other contemporary account of our educational conventions will survive but that presented by Mr. Searle. Perhaps by then the revolver, the dagger and the gin-bottle will be regarded as the merest commonplace by our young atomic barbarians all at play!

In "A Diversity of Plants" (Bles; 16s.) Mr. Patrick Synge covers a great deal of ground in a comparatively short space of time. His book is beautifully written and illustrated, though, like all such productions, somewhat tantalising to the city dweller.

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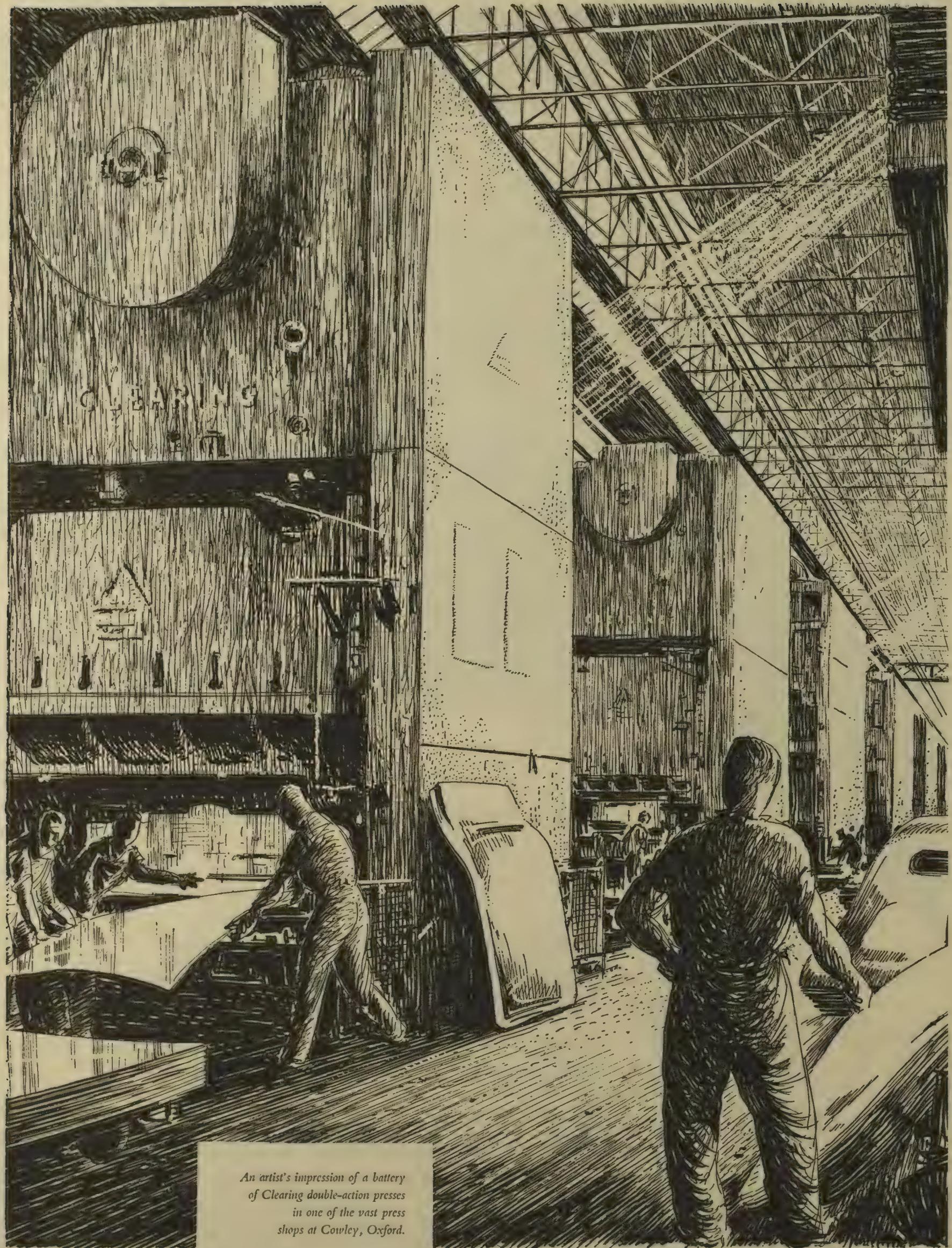
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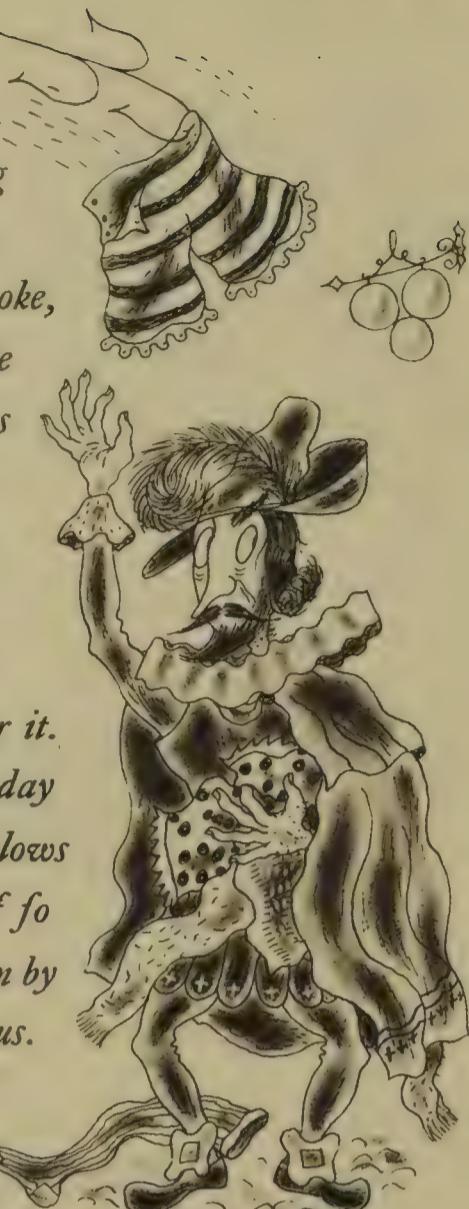
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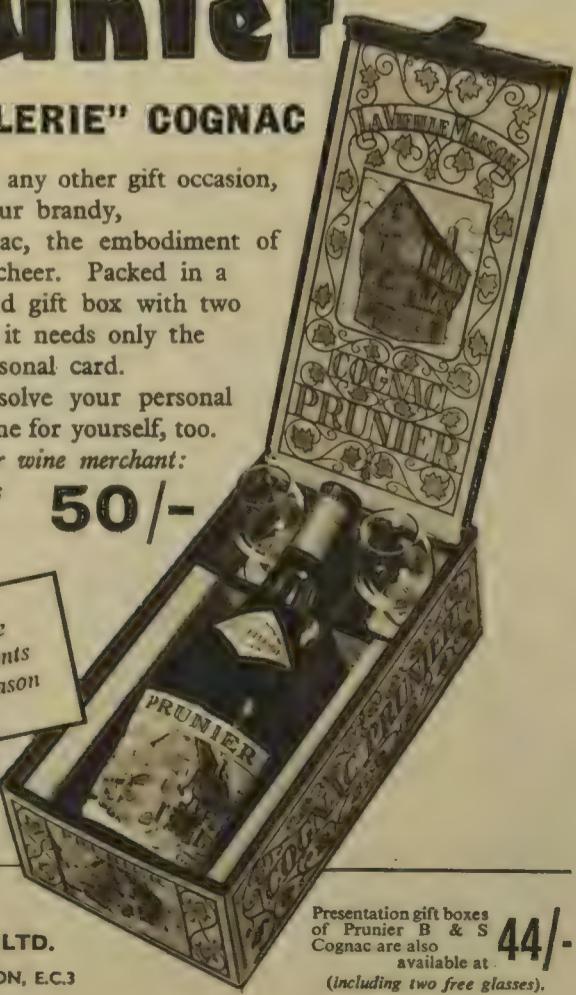
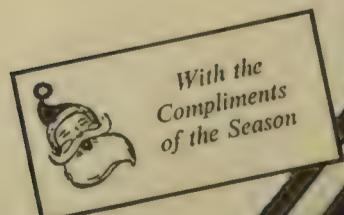
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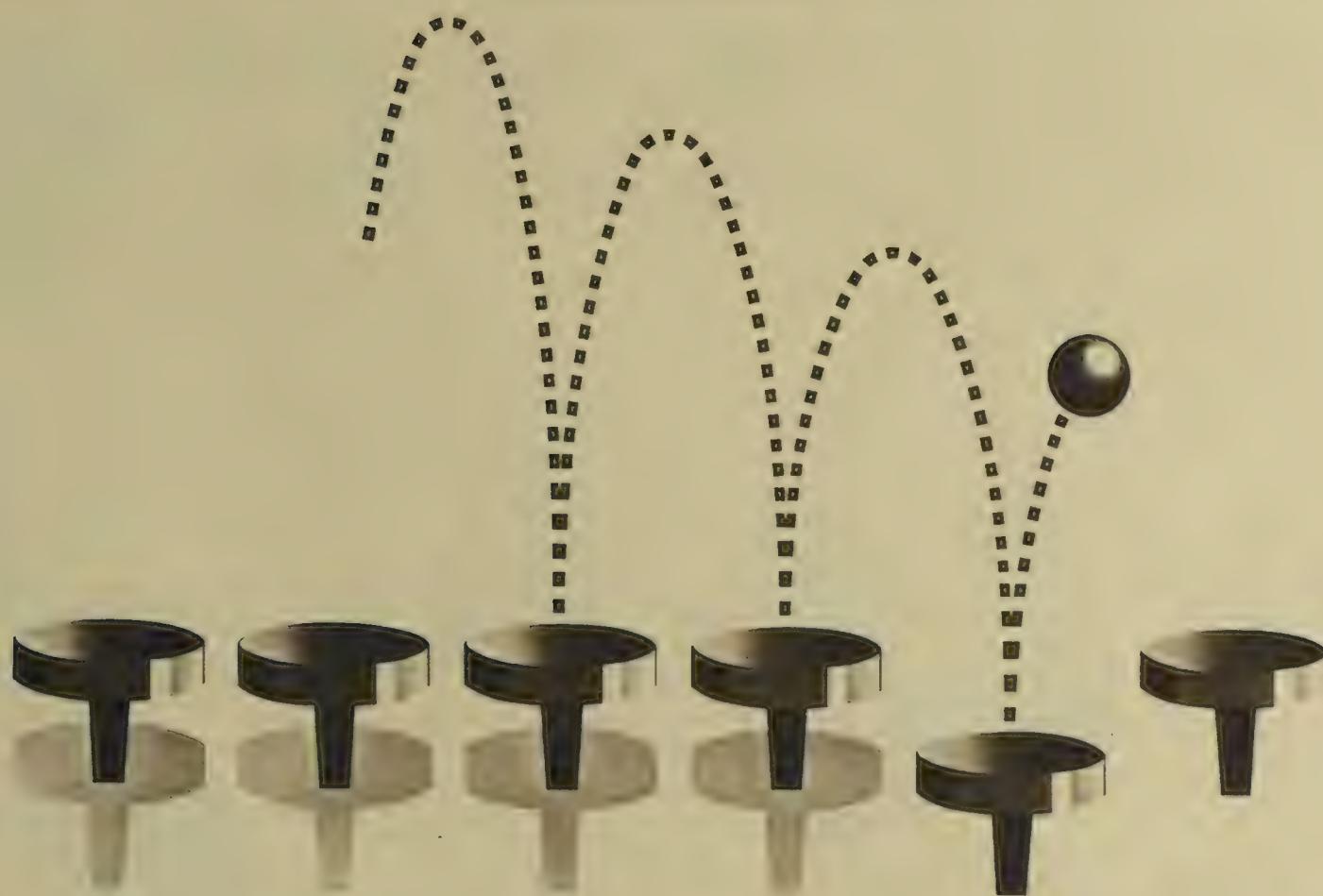
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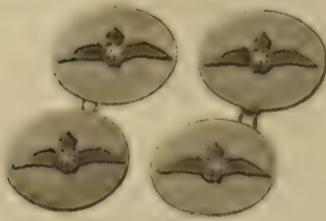


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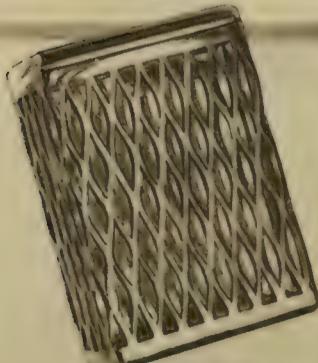
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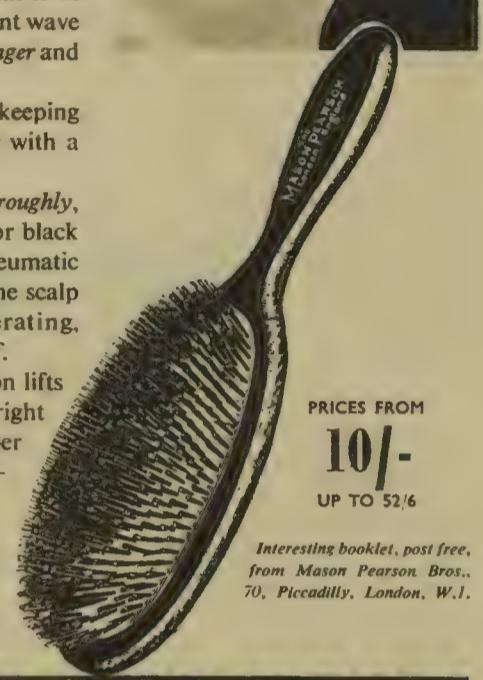
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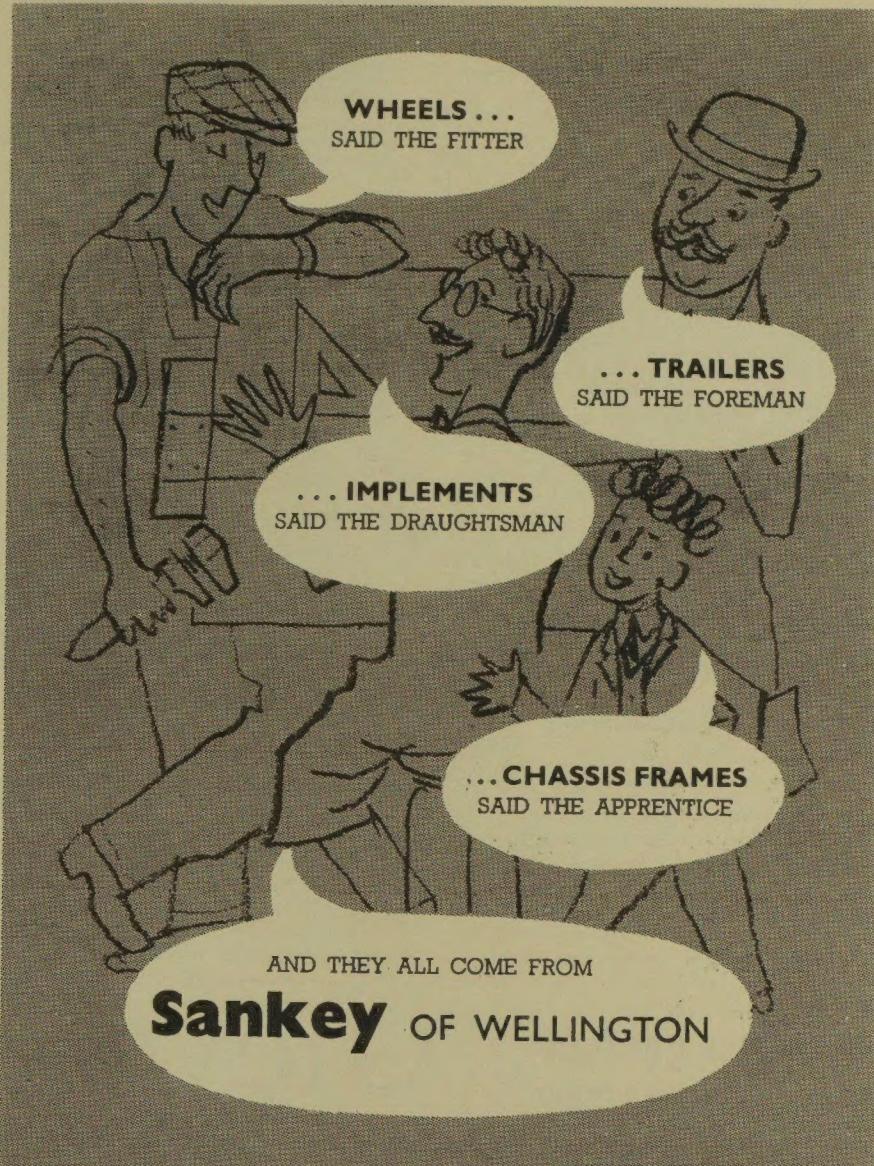
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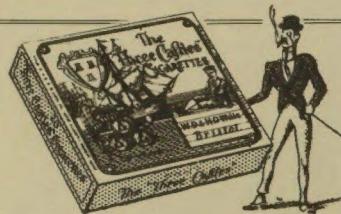
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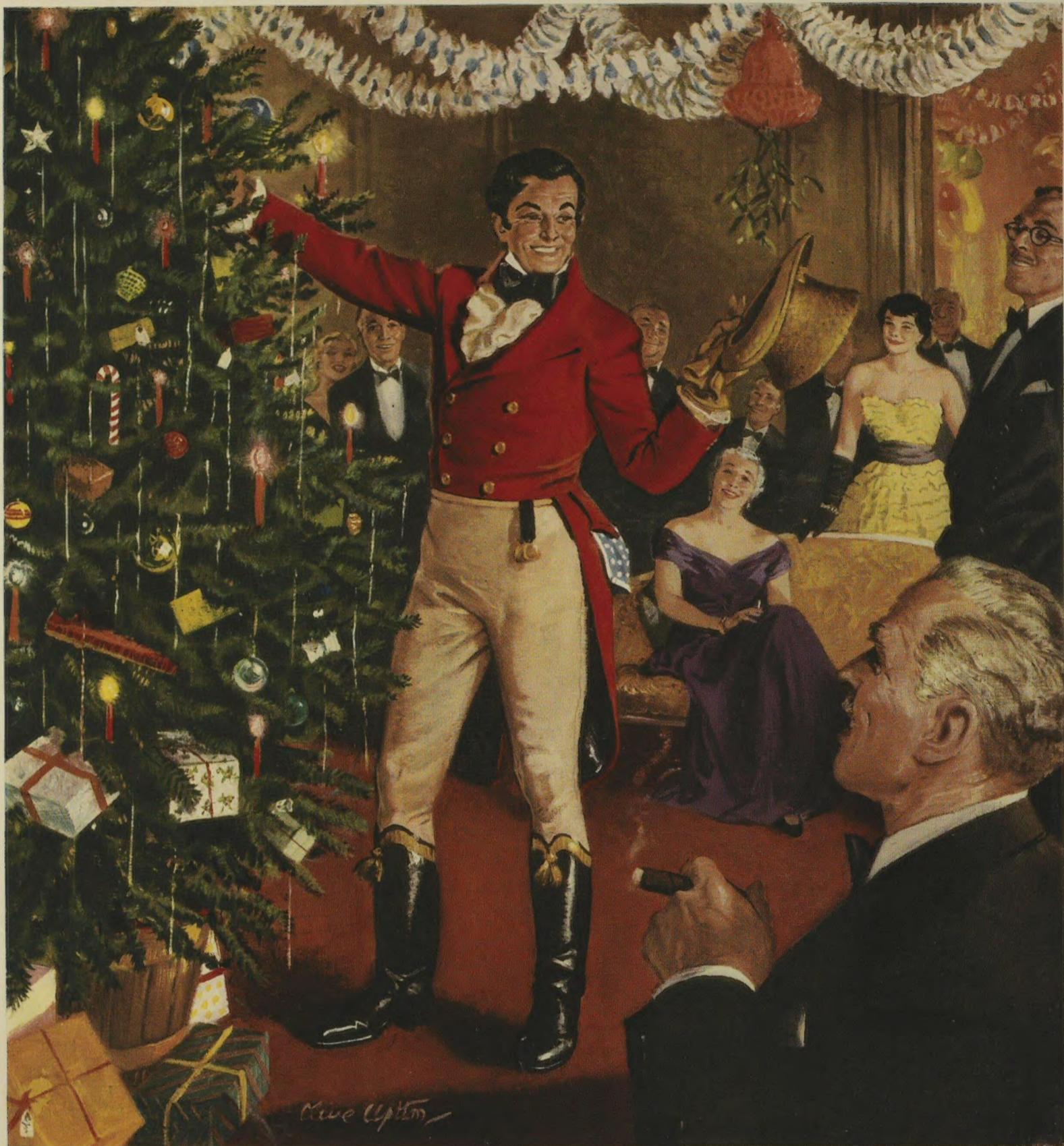
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